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POLICY IN SHAMBLES

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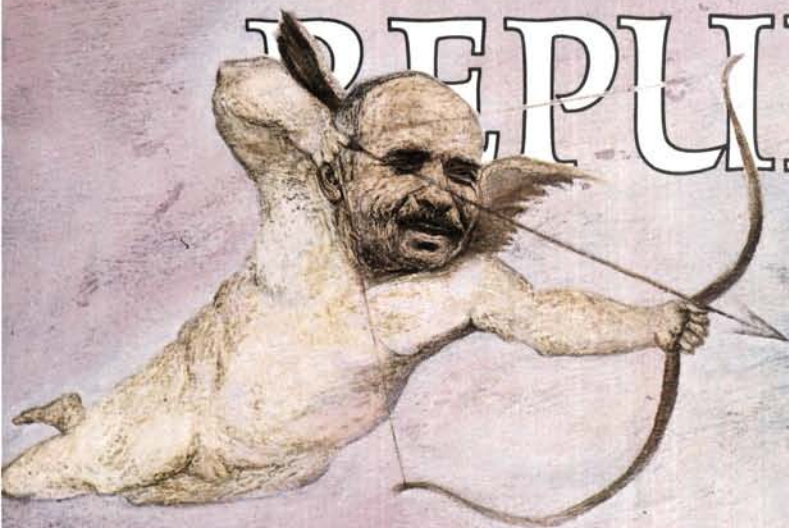
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“

I think in general, at least for women, relationships and love play too great a role in their lives.”

--Cartoonist Lynda Barry, in an interview with co-host Susan Stamberg on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

“...the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak.”

“The conquering Normans looked down upon the crude Saxons and scorned their language. Then in the 16th century, Henry VIII broke with Rome, and, bit by bit, the British simply lost the art of cussing a real blue streak.”

--National Public Radio's "Morning Edition" commentator John Ciardi, etymologist and poet.

“Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough.”

“There was a time when... [scientists critical of President Reagan's Star Wars program] opposed the hydrogen bomb because it was too terrible. Now they oppose the humane defense [program] because it is not terrible enough.”

--Physicist Edward Teller, father of the H-bomb, in an interview with co-host Noah Adams on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered."

“...the white male problem...”

“When two or more Democrats get together these days, the conversation quickly turns to what they call the “white male problem”--the fact that Ronald Reagan and Republican candidates all over the country won the overwhelming majority of the votes of white men in the last election.”

--Cokie Roberts, National Public Radio's congressional correspondent.

“I'm high on bein' alive, cause all of my friends are dead...I'd rather be a living legend than a dead legend.”

--Rock star Little Richard, in an interview with host Bob Edwards, on National Public Radio's "Morning Edition."

”

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FROM WASHINGTON

PINCHING APARTHEID

Helen Suzman opposes economic sanctions against South Africa. In a speech reprinted the other day in *The Washington Post*, she argues that blacks would suffer the most from any squeeze on the economy; that ostracism will intensify the Afrikaner siege mentality rather than reduce white intransigence; that forcing a crisis could lead to chaos and tyranny rather than peaceful change and majority rule; and that the blacks' best weapon is the "economic muscle" that enlightened foreign investment is helping to supply.

When the Reagan administration makes these arguments, they're easy to dismiss. But when South Africa's best-known white opponent of apartheid makes them, it gives one pause. The trouble with the American debate over sanctions is that each side accuses the other of ulterior motives, and both sides are right. Most opponents of sanctions are less concerned about apartheid than they are about (at best) supporting a friendly government in a strategic corner of the globe or (at worst) protecting American business interests in a land of sunshine and cheap labor. Supporters of sanctions sincerely oppose apartheid. But many are less concerned about the real impact of sanctions than they are about (at best) their own moral hygiene or (at worst) the value of the issue as a political organizing tool. The civil rights movement and the Republican young turks of the House both have exploited apartheid in this way.

This column and its readers, of course, are pure of heart. Should we support economic warfare against South Africa? The case for sanctions is simple: that government won't change unless it's forced to. Blacks will suffer at first (ordinary people always suffer the

most from policies aimed at their governments), but they will benefit in the end. In fact, though this part of the argument rarely gets mentioned, deteriorating circumstances will radicalize the black community and increase the pressure for change. Lenin called it "heightening the contradictions."

The counterargument is that economic growth and increasing black prosperity heighten the contradictions even more. The poor and ignorant are easy to oppress; it happens everywhere. An educated, economically liberated middle class is more certain to chafe at its political chains and better able to break them. "The principal effect of disinvestment would be to erode the economic leverage of blacks," argues a recent paper from the conservative Heritage Foundation. What's more, an advanced capitalist society will have less and less patience for a feudal relic like apartheid, with its silly rules that thwart economic efficiency. Therefore, financial embrace of South Africa is a wiser approach than financial ostracism.

This logic, with parallel reasoning regarding political relations, is the basis for the Reagan administration's "constructive engagement" policy. One trouble with constructive engagement is that, whatever your real motivations, it's ominously close to what you would do if you had no desire at all to end apartheid. That Heritage pamphlet quoted above, for example, titled "An Investment Strategy to Undermine Apartheid," is distributed as part of a press packet by the South African Embassy information office. So is a lot of other propaganda praising American investment as a "force for change." It hardly needs saying, though, that the South African government doesn't want to "undermine apartheid." The white regime's endorsement of "constructive engagement" as the best way to bring about its own demise inevitably brings to mind Br'er Rabbit's plea, "Please don't throw me into that briar patch."

The opponents of sanctions would be a lot more convincing if they had an alternative approach with true bite. It wouldn't be hard to design a real constructive engagement policy. To start with, the Sullivan Principles—requiring a desegregated workplace, special training for black workers, and so on—could be made mandatory for all American companies in South Africa. (At last count, 125 out of 320 American companies endorse the principles and comply

to varying degrees.) We could require companies to spend money on black housing, education, and managerial training. The U.S. government itself could finance the training of black union and political organizers.

The Rev. Leon Sullivan wants to add to his principles a requirement that companies lobby politically for free movement of labor—that is, for the end of pass laws, and so on. But even some of Sullivan's staunchest corporate backers are resisting the notion of political involvement. Yet this goes to the essence of the claim that capitalism and apartheid are incompatible. Companies that profit from investments in South Africa are morally implicated in that nation's political system. If they wish to discharge that moral burden with the assertion that they're helping to change the system, they have to be ready to prove it. Otherwise, they should get out.

The sanctions voted this month by Congress, and awaiting President Reagan's signature or veto, bear the same relationship to real economic disengagement that Reagan's policy bears to real "constructive engagement." Even the bill's sponsors concede that measures such as banning the sale of Krugers are primarily symbolic. "Sending a message" to the South African government is important, especially when that is what Reagan's policy plainly has failed to do. But the practical effect may be to salve American consciences at the cost of black jobs without putting any serious pinch on the white power structure.

Despite what the opponents of sanctions say, we have it in our power to pinch hard. The foreign black workers President Botha threatens to expel if sanctions are imposed, for example, aren't there because South Africa feels charitable. Their absence would hurt. South Africa is suffering a deep recession, and the current state of emergency has doomed any hope of an early recovery. There's no question we can push that nation closer to the abyss if we want.

It's time to up the ante in the sanctions debate. Both sides need to prove they're serious by proposing actions proportional to their anti-apartheid rhetoric. The burden is heavier on those who argue that the best way to help bring down apartheid is to continue doing business with it. If they find their views being taken up and reprinted by the South African Embassy, I think they can be confident that they haven't gone far enough.

CLASSICS ON CASSETTES

326983. Bach: Organ Masterpieces—Toccata & Fugue in D Minor, etc. A. Newman (Sine Qua Non)

317081. Bach: Goldberg Variations—Glenn Gould (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

331488-391482. Bach: Brandenburg Concertos, 1 to 6 (complete)—Kapp, Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York (Counts as 2—Digital—CBS Masterworks)

329714. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite—Solti conducts Chicago Sym. (Digital—London)

273409. Beethoven: 3 Piano Sonatas—Moonlight, Appassionata, Pathétique. Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

321570. Beethoven: Symphony No. 5; Schubert: Symp. No. 8 (Unfinished)—Maazel, Vienna Philhar. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

325654-395657. Beethoven Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 5 (Emperor)—Brendel, piano; Mehta & Boettcher, cond. (Counts as 2—Vox)

332122. Beethoven: String Quartet in A Minor (Op. 132)—Fitzwilliam Quartet (Digital—London)

324780. Bolling: Suite for Cello and Jazz Piano—Yo-Yo Ma, Bolling (CBS)

263293. Bolling: Suite for Flute and Jazz Piano—Jean-Pierre Rampal and Claude Bolling (Columbia)

328039. Brahms: Symphony No. 3; Haydn Variations—Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

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326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for Common Man—Dorati, Detroit Sym. (Digital—London)

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317685. Mahler: Symphony No. 4—Armeling, Previn, Pittsburgh Sym. (Angel)

332056. Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream; etc.—Zinman, Rochester Philharmonic (Digital—Vox Cum Laude)

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318436. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Svetlanov, London Symphony (Angel)

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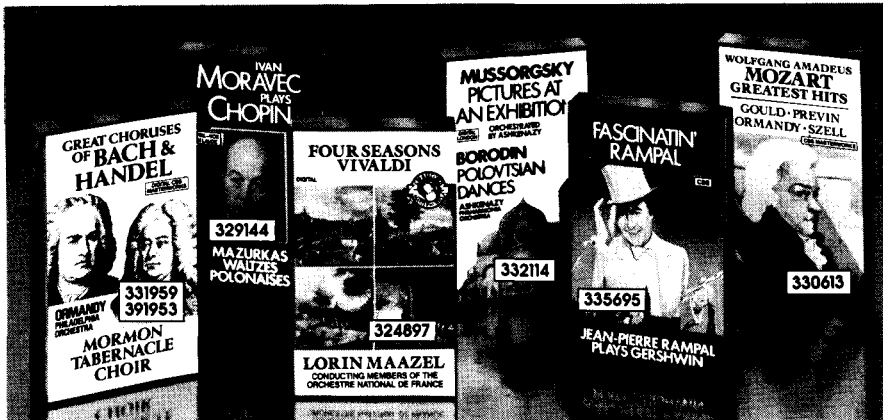
326397. Sutherland/Horne/Pavarotti—Live From Lincoln Center. A truly grand program (Digital—London)

320887. Kiril Te Kanawa—Verdi and Puccini Arias. Pritchard, London Phil. (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

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319004. Glass, Philip: The Photographer (CBS)

228684. Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites 1, 2; Bizet: Carmen Suites—Bernstein cond. NY Phil. (Columbia)

329615. Handel: Water Music; Matgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre du Roy (Digital—CBS Masterworks)

323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Münchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orch. (Digital—London)

323569. Haydn: Symphony No. 94 (Surprise), No. 100 (Military)—Solti, London Phil. (Digital—London)

326272. Holst: The Planets—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

330126. Kodaly: Hary Janos Suite; Alfvén: Swedish Rhapsody; Enescu: Romanian Rhapsody No. 2—Comissiona, Baltimore Sym. (Digital—Vox Cum Laude)

325365. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Symp. No. 40—Casals, Marlboro Festival Orch. (CBS Portrait)

310698. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Saint-Saens: Danse Macabre; Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice—Maazel, Orch. National de France (Columbia)

316406. Pachelbel Canon & Other Baroque Favorites—Boyd Neel, Toronto Chamber Orch. (Digital—MMG)

318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; L. Kije Suite—Michael Tilson Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy, Previn, London Sym. (London)

331447. Ravel: Ma Mere L'Oye (Mother Goose); Le Tombeau de Couperin; etc.—Dutoit, Montreal Sym. (Digital—London)

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326249. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Marche Slav; etc.—Bernstein, NY Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

231563. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake and Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)

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USSR'S MARTYRED CHURCHES

To the editors:

Frank E. Sysyn's ill-informed cheap shot against the National Council of Churches ("Clergy and Commissars," June 10) is a particularly blatant example of the New McCarthyism of the 1980s. It not only impugns the integrity of religious institutions but also unfairly assaults the reputations of some of the churches' most distinguished leaders.

It is simply a lie to assert that the 266-member NCC delegation to the Soviet Union last summer "chose to ignore that the Soviet Union is a totalitarian state that persecutes and manipulates the churches and the faithful."

In fact the delegation's preparation included reading in Trevor Beeson's outstandingly balanced book *Discretion and Valour* about the hard life of the USSR's martyred churches. It included four days of orientation in New York in which Orthodox priests and Jewish leaders concerned about religious repression spoke candidly and were encouraged to share their literature; in which a tough-minded Kremlinologist from the Library of Congress lectured on the politics of the Politburo; in which a renowned Harvard law professor discussed problems of human rights in the USSR; in which a former director of the Office of Soviet Affairs in the Department of State surveyed the problems of U.S.-USSR conflict. All these issues were raised by delegation leaders on numerous occasions in the USSR itself.

Sysyn's smear of the NCC publication "Together on the Way" is especially unworthy of your journal's erstwhile liberal spirit. He accuses Arie Brouwer (now NCC general secretary) of avoiding the "hard truths" when, in fact, Brouwer's article refers to "more than a little propaganda and even cultic ritual" at Soviet war memorials and notes that the Soviet military buildup is "cloaked in the robes of self-defense."

In another article (not even mentioned by Sysyn) Robert Smylie writes plainly of "patterns of Soviet behavior that are abhorrent to our traditions, particularly as we see these patterns resulting in the violations of human rights . . . [including] the suppression of Soviet dissidents, the limitations on the voluntary political activity of Soviet citizens, . . . the persistence of punitive la-

bor camps, . . . the direct and indirect suppression of the church."

Professor Bruce Rigdon, who led the 1984 seminar and chairs the NCC's U.S.-USSR Church Relations Committee, is roundly abused in a paragraph accusing the seminar of "shortsightedness," "naïveté," and eagerness to believe the "lies prescribed by the Soviet regime." Yet Sysyn takes no note of Rigdon's article in "Together on the Way," which candidly reports that Christian believers in the USSR "may not organize schools, teach classes, use the mass media, establish youth groups, publish educational materials, or hold public meetings apart from worship." Yet, Rigdon adds, these rights are granted to antireligious propaganda. (Sysyn gratuitously concludes that NCC leaders "should state unequivocally that the USSR persecutes believers and deprives them of their religious freedom.")

The intellectual and moral difficulties of engaging Soviet citizens in honest dialogue are great enough without such a shabby disregard of truth on the part of those who, whether through ignorance or malice, are not prepared to make a constructive contribution to such dialogue.

ALAN GEYER
Washington, D.C.

Frank Sysyn replies:

In my criticism of the NCC delegation, I am in good company. Peter Reddaway, senior lecturer of political science at the London School of Economics and Political Science, and a distinguished human rights activist, has identified eight aims of the Soviet "professionals" who deal with groups such as the NCC delegation and the more recent British Council of Churches delegation. They include: persuading the delegation to believe that Soviet groups are autonomous of the government; preventing the visitors from contacting unofficial groups; urging criticism of "disreputable" organizations in the West; convincing the delegation that diplomacy must be quiet; and persuading the delegates that the greatest contribution to peace would be criticism of the U.S., not the USSR. He concludes, "This June the Reverend Bruce Rigdon and the leaders of a large American church delegation which visited the USSR duly fell for all (but one)

of these well-worn ploys." If Mr. Geyer is correct that the NCC delegates were well informed, he has provided even more damning evidence on the NCC trip than I did.

Only limitations of space prevented my discussion of numerous other ludicrous and propagandistic statements in "Together on the Way." Mr. Geyer may collect all the statements in the booklet aiming to provide a semblance of balance that he wishes; I think most readers who examine it will be as shocked as I was.

DETECTING STAR WARS

To the editors:

Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski sees the anti-SDI position as little more than peace-loving professors bending over backward to be nice to the Russians ("A Star Wars Solution," July 8). This is little more than caricature. Most arms controllers are concerned with new technologies, such as SDI, that enable one or both sides to think that they can gain by a first strike. These technologies either undermine deterrence or fuel the intensity of the arms race.

Brzezinski makes an interesting case that SDI, as hard-point rather than population defense, can enhance deterrence by preventing either side from launching a disarming first strike. But this argument ignores the potentially destabilizing effects of Soviet-American movement toward space-based defenses.

If an SDI system is 30 percent to 70 percent effective against incoming missiles, it will probably be much more effective against the other side's satellite and SDI systems. Each side might believe it possesses the ability to disable the other's satellites and defensive systems as a prelude to a disarming first strike. And each might fear that its adversary has that same capability. Far from stabilizing deterrence, such an outcome would weaken it by giving each an incentive to preempt.

Professor Brzezinski also assures us that Star Wars will not aggravate the arms race. After all, SDI is designed to protect ICBMs, not to invalidate the Soviet deterrent. If the Soviets build up, this will "confirm the ominous suspicion that they are intent on preserving a

continued on page 42



THE NEW REPUBLIC

AUGUST 26, 1985

UNDER THE GUN

"This is a momentous day for American gun owners," a spokesman for the National Rifle Association declared recently. The NRA had cause to celebrate. It has worked for 17 years to overturn the Gun Control Act, and on July 9 that goal seemed almost within reach. The Senate had voted, 79 to 15, to loosen restrictions on firearms dealers and to make it easier for people to buy and transport lethal weapons.

The success of the McClure-Volkmer bill, sponsored by Republican Senator James A. McClure of Idaho and Democratic Representative Harold L. Volkmer of Missouri, took many Americans by surprise. Twenty-two years ago this November, Lee Harvey Oswald assassinated President Kennedy with a rifle bought by mail order from an advertisement in the National Rifle Association's magazine. Five years later, Martin Luther King Jr. was gunned down outside his Memphis motel room, and Sirhan Sirhan shot Robert Kennedy with a .22 caliber pistol as he left a campaign rally in Los Angeles. In the years since the passage of the Gun Control Act in 1968, a majority of the population has favored even stricter handgun controls.

But the NRA wasn't surprised. It had been shrewd in its choice of political allies, and in its lobbying tactics. In 1983-84, it contributed a total of \$95,000 to the campaigns of senators who wound up voting for the bill, and spent \$423,000 on bumper stickers, bill boards, and radio ads to get them elected. As the Senate vote approached, handgun lobbying groups began sending off letters to senators. "The eyes of 80 million law-abiding firearm owners are focused on you," the Citizens' Right to Keep and Bear Arms Committee ominously warned. On the day the bill came up in the Senate, the NRA sent around a letter claiming that the National Sheriffs' Association supported it. In fact, like most police organizations around the country, the Sheriffs' Association vehemently opposed it. The bill was rushed to a vote only 12 working days after it was

announced, while the media were preoccupied with the hostage crisis and the Fourth of July. No hearings were held.

Supporters of the legislation see it as a vindication of the rights of legitimate gun users who have been unfairly penalized by the Gun Control Act. Its sponsors cite cases of hunters and sportsmen who are charged with a felony if they stray into a neighboring state with an unloaded rifle in their car trunk. And they point out that firearms dealers risk five years in jail if they do not keep accurate sales records. The bill would relax these rules and make it easier for legitimate gun users to buy, sell, and transport firearms.

It would also erode the basis of the Gun Control Act. The only way to limit gun-related crime, as Congress realized in 1968, is to place a sometimes burdensome responsibility on law-abiding gun owners and dealers. They are the only ones, after all, who can ensure that their guns do not end up in the hands of criminals. The McClure-Volkmer bill would allow gun owners the freedom to be careless or irresponsible. Dealers could sell guns from their "personal collections" without keeping any records, and those who broke the law could escape punishment by pleading ignorance. Regardless of local laws, owners would be permitted to transport pistols—as well as sporting rifles—across state lines as long as they were not loaded and "not readily accessible." A would-be assassin could legally carry an unloaded handgun right to the White House gates.

What's more, the bill would take all the deterrent force out of federal inspections. At present, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms can inspect a gun dealer's records unannounced as often as it feels necessary. The McClure-Volkmer bill would limit the ATF to one visit per year, and dealers would have to be given advance notice. This makes about as much sense as putting up warning

signs on a freeway a mile before every speed trap. The purpose of inspections is to make gun traders abide by the law even when a federal agent is *not* expected. As Senator Edward Kennedy pointed out, surprise inspections are permitted to guarantee that mines are operated safely, and that prescription drugs are correctly dispensed. Why not also to prevent the sale of handguns to felons?

These loopholes were not left open by mistake. Early in the debate, Senator Kennedy proposed an amendment to ease regulations on hunting and sporting rifles while retaining them for handguns. Only a handful of senators turned up to hear his speech; 69 voted against the amendment. Senator Charles McC. Mathias then introduced an amendment to allow surprise inspections of firearms dealers. It too was firmly rejected.

A life member of the NRA, President Reagan has made no secret of his support for the bill. Indeed, it is an opportune way to appease his conservative supporters, disgruntled by the Supreme Court's moderation on abortion and school prayer. Yet handgun decontrol sits somewhat uneasily on the standard agenda of the right. Though claiming to be "tough on crime," the White House has endorsed a bill that would ease access to handguns for criminals. And conservative sponsors, usually advocates of states' rights, turn a blind eye to the section that overrules state laws against the transportation of firearms.

Selling a gun decontrol bill that hampers law enforcement to senators eager to identify themselves with "law and order" might seem to demand some ingenuity. Senator McClure found a solution that no elected official was likely to oppose: the provisions easing access to guns are balanced by the introduction of mandatory five-year jail terms for all convicted of using a handgun to commit a federal crime. This may make the bill more popular, but it also makes it less just. Mandatory sentences prevent any consideration of extenuating circumstances. If judges are barred from exercising discretion, there will certainly be occasional cases where defendants are sentenced more harshly than they deserve.

Contrary to what the NRA would have us believe, there is no absolute constitutional or moral right to bear arms. The Supreme Court has ruled that the Second Amendment safeguards the collective right of citizens to be protected by an armed militia, not the individual right to carry any type of gun. When 10,000 people are murdered annually with handguns and 500,000 are victims of handgun violence, firearm ownership is not just a private concern of the gun owners and dealers.

THE BILL may well be right to attack the more onerous restrictions on hunting and sporting rifles. These guns are rarely used by criminals, and under the old law some gun owners have received unduly severe sentences for minor violations. But as for handguns, Congress should strengthen—not relax—the regulations. Sales should be preceded by a compulsory waiting period to allow police time to check whether the purchaser has a criminal record or a history of mental instability. A two-

week waiting period would also ward off "impulse" buyers who seek a gun in a moment of passion. (An amendment proposed by Senator Daniel K. Inouye requiring a 14-day waiting period was voted down by 71 to 23.) Firearms owners and dealers should be required by law to report the loss or theft of a handgun. An estimated 60,000 to 200,000 handguns are stolen each year, and many resurface in subsequent crimes. And mandatory gun safety programs should be introduced for all handgun purchasers. Written and practical tests are demanded of drivers. Why not apply the same standards to owners of an even more lethal instrument?

Most handguns have only one purpose—to kill or injure—a function they perform with intolerable efficacy. It requires an element of willful blindness to advocate tough penalties but to scoff at prevention, to piously denounce killing while cherishing the instruments used.

NOTEBOOK

□ OH SAY CAN YOU SEE:

Debt Crisis Seen as Ending

—*The New York Times*, February 4

Latin Debt Crisis Seen Intensifying

—*The New York Times*, July 30

□ THE PROCURESS'S TALE: Mary Ann Gilleece was deputy under secretary of defense for acquisition—that is, in charge of defense procurement—when she wrote to 28 defense contractors informing them of her intention to leave the government and start a firm called "Procurement Strategy Corp." For an annual retainer of only \$30,000 per customer, she offered her services as a "coordinator in procurement matters" to help clients "compete for government business with confidence and success." She enclosed a contract. Several firms responded favorably. It's a sign of the times that the controversy over this episode, such as it is, has focused on whether Gilleece should have waited until leaving the Pentagon before officially opening up shop, and whether she disqualified herself from dealing with signed-up clients during her last days in office. An even more depressing sign of the times is that this beautiful story of influence-peddling only made page eight of *The Washington Post*.

□ STATESMANSHIP EPIDEMIC: On *The New York Times* Op-Ed page July 28, the prominent Washington lawyer Lloyd Cutler proposed addressing the fiscal crisis by creating a "special tax," kept separate from the annual budget and earmarked for reducing the national debt. A few days later, former senator Howard Baker proposed the very same idea at—where else?—"a breakfast with reporters." (Inevitably, J. William Medley offered the identical sug-

gestion the next morning in his syndicated column, "Conventional Wisdom," noting that it had been endorsed by "the more thoughtful elements in both parties.") Clearly Washington is suffering another midsummer outbreak of high-mindedness. Of course we agree that there ought to be a tax increase. But the idea that there is any significant difference between using the revenues for reducing the national debt and using the revenues to reduce the annual deficit, which reduces the national debt by the same amount, could only appeal to statesmanship addicts like Cutler and Baker in need of a publicity fix. Well, at least this idea is harmless. Six summers ago Cutler led the Gasbag Philharmonic in an orchestrated call for a government synthetic fuels program. President Carter, blown along by gusts of "responsible" opinion, created the Synthetic Fuels Corporation. Just this month, the nation's first synthetic fuels plant shut down for lack of customers after costing two billion dollars—three-quarters of that from the taxpayers. Billions more dollars have been wasted on other projects (including the usual large fees for lawyers and Washington consultants). Congress finally voted before adjournment to cut off all future synfuel spending. But as long as there are Op-Ed pages and breakfasts with reporters, none of us is truly safe.

□ SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO IN THE NEW REPUBLIC:

PICTURE OF EDITOR, TRYING TO EXPRESS AN HONEST AND UNBIASED OPINION



(Reproduced by courtesy of The New York Tribune, Inc., Copyright 1920)
(August 18, 1920)

WHITE HOUSE WATCH

BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

THE CROWD was large, and the room was small. While several dozen senators and representatives banged out a compromise bill on sanctions against South Africa, a ragged, boisterous line of aides, lobbyists, and reporters wound from the Capitol hallway outside the conference room to the basement office of the Senate Recording Studio, where a score or more watched the proceedings on closed-circuit television.

President Reagan was getting a drubbing on the administration's policy of "constructive engagement" in South Africa—that is, applying pressure for an end to apartheid with restraint and decorum, and always behind the scenes. Yet the administration was scarcely in evidence. There was certainly no one there to defend the policy. Secretary of State George Shultz was in Helsinki; it had been nearly a month since he last talked to Republican Senator Richard Lugar, the Foreign Relations Committee chairman, who was running the conference and working out the compromise. Chester Crocker, the assistant secretary of state for African affairs and the architect of constructive engagement, was vacationing in Europe. White House lobbyists had made themselves scarce. And the administration presence consisted of two munchkins from the State Department who unobtrusively monitored the session.

In a period of roughly eight months—late November 1984 to late July 1985—the administration had lost control of American policy toward South Africa, completely and probably irrevocably. Congressional Republicans, both party regulars like Lugar and full-blooded conservatives, turned against the administration in droves, and Democrats grew bolder in their attacks. It wasn't because of insufficient lobbying on Capitol Hill. The administration simply lacked credibility on the issue. Even those who initially supported its conciliatory approach to South Africa found Crocker's defense of constructive engagement increasingly feeble. Daily accounts in the papers of riots and repression made the Reagan policy appear at best irrelevant, at worst an embarrassing failure. "We're seen as being on the wrong side of the moral equation," complained a White House official. So the administration stalled.

The compromise bill, which would, among other things, ban the import of Krugerrands and bar new bank loans to the South African government, passed the House overwhelmingly on August 1. But a Senate vote was delayed by Jesse Helms and half a dozen allies, who represented the administration's last, desperate pocket of support. The White House hoped that the crisis in South Africa would cool by mid-September, when the Senate was expected to vote. That might make the veto option, tentatively favored by Reagan and most of his aides, less

politically harmful. Indeed, communications director Patrick Buchanan and political adviser Edward Rollins sent the president a memo in July urging a defiant veto. It would declare South Africa a reliable ally and an oasis of economic growth, and compare it favorably to the stagnant, nondemocratic, black African countries in the neighborhood. Why punish the one nation where blacks are gaining ground economically? Besides, the statement would say, apartheid is already crumbling.

Of course, this message is unlikely if racial trouble worsens in South Africa. "If all hell breaks loose, that makes it more difficult," an administration official wanly conceded. But even if President Botha lifted the state of emergency in South Africa, Reagan would have trouble sustaining a veto. The House vote was 380 to 48, and no more than a dozen senators were expected to vote against sanctions. After the vote, White House officials and Representative Trent Lott, the Republican whip, tried vainly to persuade two leaders of the younger House conservatives, Representatives Vin Weber and Newt Gingrich, to pledge to vote to sustain a veto. Not a chance, they retorted. Both had split with Reagan on constructive engagement last December. Not only would they vote to override the veto, they said, they would also speak on the House floor and lobby Republican colleagues to rebuff the president.

When Lugar, Weber, and Gingrich righteously reject a Reagan policy that Democrats already have denounced, it's a lost cause. How did support for constructive engagement collapse so swiftly? Officials at the White House and State Department still haven't figured it out. Up until July 30, when the congressional leaders agreed on the compromise bill, they were counting on Lugar to help salvage constructive engagement. They believed that he'd hold off until the fall and then come forth with a toothless compromise bill. They were certain he'd never accept a ban on Kruggerand sales. "He'd always been very firm that he wasn't in favor of banning the Kruggerand," noted a surprised administration official. True, said Lugar, but there wouldn't have been a compromise bill if he hadn't yielded to Democrats on that. And he wanted a bill, sooner rather than later.

THE ADMINISTRATION misread Lugar from the moment he became chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee last November. Lugar is a team player. Years ago, when he ran Indianapolis, he'd been dubbed "Richard Nixon's favorite mayor." What's more, he was not a critic of constructive engagement. His position was simply that "more" needed to be done to cajole South Africa. The White House chose to believe that there was no urgency in Lugar's stand, ignoring signals to the contrary.

Last November 30, two days after Lugar became chairman, he and Senator Nancy Kassebaum, long a vocal critic of apartheid, sent a letter to Reagan. They warned him that constructive engagement was faltering. "The unwillingness of the State Department to attack the evils of apartheid and the violations of human rights in a straight-

forward, understandable manner has undermined the effectiveness of whatever private efforts we are making," they wrote. "In many respects, willingness to make a dispute public is the big stick one carries while negotiating in private." Two weeks later, Reagan zinged apartheid in a Human Rights Day statement, but constructive engagement remained the policy. Then, as protests blossomed outside the South African Embassy in Washington in December, Lugar summoned Bernardus Fourie, then the South African ambassador, and asked him to release black labor leaders who had been jailed. The next day, most were set free.

LUGAR was not pacified. "There began to be a common thought in this country that the South African government didn't take what we [the administration] said very seriously," he said. "What clearly did not come through from the administration was that there had to be a discussion in South Africa on power sharing—and quickly." The administration brushed aside Lugar's public calls for rapid change in South Africa, and continued to cultivate him. He and Shultz got along well at their weekly breakfasts at the State Department. And in April Shultz invited Lugar to sit next to him at the head table when the secretary addressed the National Press Club on South Africa. This was a mistake. Shultz delivered a full-throated defense of constructive engagement. "It is not our business to cheer on, from the sidelines, the forces of polarization that could erupt in a race war," he said. "It is not our job to exacerbate hardship, which could lead to the same result." Lugar was not impressed. "I thought his speech was inadequate," Lugar told me. Finally, in his last meeting with Lugar in early July, Shultz resigned himself to Lugar's defection. His parting advice was neither a request nor an admonition. "Use your best judgment," he said.

With Lugar's support, the Foreign Relations Committee backed a relatively mild bill that promised economic sanctions against South Africa at a certain date unless racial progress was achieved. In early July Lugar was having lunch in Guatemala City with Guatemala's presidential candidates when he received an urgent call from Michael Armacost, the under secretary of state for political affairs. Armacost pleaded with him to delay Senate floor action on the bill. "Mike," answered Lugar, "we really do need to proceed. It's been announced, and in my judgment, it's appropriate to proceed now. Don't worry. People aren't in an inflammatory mood."

Armacost agreed, but asked for an opportunity to present the administration's case before Republican senators. Lugar invited Armacost and Crocker to the Senate Republican policy luncheon on July 9. At the lunch, Armacost praised some aspects of the bill, saying they would help blacks. Wait a minute, interjected Jesse Helms, turning to Crocker. "Chet, do you really want us to have a bill?" Helms asked, according to Lugar. "No," said Crocker. That wiped out the goodwill generated by Armacost. "This was a strange situation," Lugar said later. "We had

a Republican bill, and they had come over to shoot it down." Two days later, it passed 80 to 12.

Lugar's refusal to follow the administration line was important for two reasons. First, as foreign relations chairman, he could have bottled up a sanctions bill for months. And second, as a regular Republican, his support meant that opposition to constructive engagement would not become a partisan stance limited to Democrats and renegade GOP moderates. The defection of Weber, Gingrich, and other conservative Republicans also assured that backing Reagan on South Africa would not become a major right-wing cause.

The traditional conservative position, of course, has been that South Africa is a loyal, anticommunist ally that shouldn't be castigated and pressured. The younger conservatives jettisoned that view last December when they criticized South Africa in a letter to Ambassador Fourie. They warned that if a move to end apartheid wasn't begun, they would curtail American investment in South Africa and organize international sanctions. Democrats thought the Republicans were merely posturing, and indeed many of the 35 who signed the letter to Fourie voted against the strong sanctions that passed the House on June 5 by 295 to 127. (See "On the Hill: Realignment Cop Out" by Antony J. Blinken, May 20.) Yet their abandonment of constructive engagement was significant because it meant that conservatives were no longer united. And when the compromise bill reached the House in July, nearly all of them voted for it.

"Look," said Weber, "it became fairly clear that the South African regime was escalating the pressure with police encounters last year. I was resigned to the fact that white South Africans are not going to easily relinquish power. We have to pressure them. But the administration hasn't been able to move from its basic policy. Congress is rejecting the basic premise of that policy. The administration hasn't been able to get ahead of the curve and form a new policy." Far from it.

FRED BARNES

A course for aspiring mercenaries.

SCHOOL FOR SCOUNDRELS

Hueytown, Alabama

ON JUNE 24, the day after Air India's Flight 182 plunged into the Atlantic, Secretary of State George Shultz publicly deplored the recent wave of terrorism. First the TWA hijacking to Beirut, then a bomb blast at the Frankfurt airport, and now the Air India crash, which, along with an explosion the same day at an airport near Tokyo, was thought to be the work of Sikh terrorists.

Denouncing "the despicable acts of terrorists," Shultz proclaimed, "All nations must unite in decisive action to curb this threat." Vice President George Bush took time out from his trip to Rome to call for "a redoubling of international efforts to safeguard innocent people against this kind of terror."

BOTH MEN missed the local angle. Lal Singh, one of the Sikhs suspected by the FBI of having had a hand in the Air India crash (and currently at large) had received paramilitary training right here in the United States, with no apparent objection from federal, state, or local authorities. Last November Lal Singh and three other radical Sikhs came to this woody western suburb of Birmingham to learn combat and survival techniques at The Mercenary School. Now three of them are being sought by the FBI in connection with various alleged crimes, including not only the sabotage of the Air India flight but also assassination plots against Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi and a prominent minister in his government, Bhajan Lal, while they were in the U.S. (The fourth Sikh is in jail.)

Jimmy, who works at The Merc School, as it is familiarly known here, showed me around headquarters, a warehouse called The Bunker. In a room decorated with maps of Egypt, Saudi Arabia, Israel, and Lebanon, he helped me identify an international assortment of guns hanging from two racks: a Soviet AK-47, an American M-16, a Chinese grenade launcher just like one that appeared in *Red Dawn*. Some of these weapons—the Chinese rocket grenade, for example—are replicas, fully authentic in every way except their ability to fire. Others, like the M-16 and the AK-47, are real. Especially prized are the school's three working submachine guns. Jimmy unzipped each from its leather pouch: a British Sterling ("That's what I'm getting. These things are wonderful"), an Israeli Uzi ("the Real McCoy," not the semi-automatic version you see in gun shops), and a MAC-10 automatic, the weapon of choice in today's drug wars. "All the students get to fire all three," Jimmy explained.

The Mercenary School offers its two-week course in combat and survival about half a dozen times each year at a cost of \$350 (\$75 more if you don't have your own personal gear). Carried out mostly in the field, the course includes training both in survival techniques (rappelling, foraging, land navigation) and in hard-core combat (sniper fire, hand-to-hand combat, explosives and booby traps). I arrived on the last day of the most recent class, too late to witness the field combat training, but Frank Camper, proprietor of The Merc School since he opened it in 1981, insists it is as rough as any offered by the U.S. military, if not more so. Probably the most dangerous exercise is "live fire," where students make their way up a 15-foot-wide creek while real bullets are shot along the banks.

The class one naturally wonders the most about is Demolition. The Sikhs told Camper that they wanted to learn

how to make time bombs—it was a time bomb that went off in the Tokyo airport and probably caused the Air India crash. The man who teaches Demolition goes by the nickname Pablo, acquired on missions to the Nicaragua-Honduras border under the sponsorship of the Alabama-based Civilian Military Assistance group, a mercenary organization currently trying to ingratiate itself to Congress and the CIA. He has also fought with Major Saad Haddad's army in Lebanon. Pablo was firm about not using his real name for this article ("I got too much to do. Hate to have to come lookin' for you"), but he let me sit in on his explosives class. He passed around the various kinds of grenades: pineapple (World War II vintage), baseball (the kind "Americans can throw"), and a few others, none of them operable. Some replica sticks of dynamite were also passed around, along with a mine, also inoperable, boldly lettered, FRONT TOWARD ENEMY. Pablo offered a few suggestions about how to rig booby traps with the grenades, some hints about making fuses, and assorted bits of practical wisdom. (You can use Christmas tree bulbs as detonators.) The closest he came to explaining how to make a bomb was when he showed us some ammonium nitrate (a common fertilizer) and said that it can be ignited when a fuel-oil base is added and a blasting cap is rigged. "Naturally you can attach them to any kind of timing device," he said, but he didn't tell us how to work one.

In truth, I was not left with the feeling that I could head off to my local True Value and construct a bomb in my basement. (Anyway, a full understanding of the basics is readily available to anyone who pays a trip to the public library.) But I did feel a bit uneasy as Pablo showed us how to rig a tripwire for a booby trap, and when he told us how, in Lebanon, he took the fuses off a few grenades, then rolled them over the Syrian border. "Them morons picked them up," he said, and when the Syrians later pulled the pins to throw them they blew themselves up. Clearly Pablo was within his First Amendment rights to talk about such things, even to foreigners (there were a few). Arguably the communication of such information is less of a threat to world peace than, say, the publication of *The Progressive's* famous build-your-own-atom-bomb article, which caused a legal and political stir a few years ago. But there is a moral difference: where *The Progressive* was engaging in a clever (and perhaps irresponsible) form of pacifist polemic, Pablo was passing along his information with the *intention* that it be used to kill people with whom his country may or may not be at war.

AT LEAST that seemed to be his intention. It's a little hard to tell how much of this talk is meant simply to titillate. Camper is in the position of having to convince his customers that his school is the real thing while at the same time convincing the authorities that he's running a theme park. (Since the Air India crash, both Senator Jeremiah Denton and Governor George Wallace have begun investigations of The Merc School.) On the

one hand, Camper recently pointed out to *People* magazine that he has trained men who are now fighting in Lebanon, South Africa, the Philippines, and Central America. On the other, his brochure includes a small-type legal notice that The Merc School "is not a mercenary recruitment facility." Only one of the half-dozen or so students I spoke with let on that he was a real mercenary—he ostentatiously declined to name his occupation—and I suspect that he was putting me on. Among the others were a mechanic, who regretted having missed action in Vietnam and said the course helped him build his confidence; a furniture polisher from Australia whose bent was less military than Hobbesian ("If you're a survivalist you're able to find water in times of drought, food in times of famine, so there's no need for war"); a 15-year-old who seemed to view the whole thing as a rite of manhood (he only took the first week because "my mama wouldn't let me" take the other half); and a jolly fellow who does destruction work on buildings in Birmingham, who said it was just a hobby right now. There was even one Yuppie, who works for a brokerage firm in Atlanta and said he'd come strictly for vacation. Two Yuppies if you count a reporter from *The Wall Street Journal's* Atlanta bureau, who put himself through the first week of the course and won the nickname "Wall Street." Surely it was for the benefit of the Walter Mittys, rather than real mercenaries, when, at a graduation dinner to honor the nine (out of an initial pool of 30) who completed the course, Camper led the group in a chant of the old French Foreign Legion motto: *Vive la morte / Vive la guerre / Vive le sacré mercenaire*.

IT MIGHT all seem like innocent fun if it weren't for the four Sikhs who have given Camper's school so much publicity lately. If, as Camper's brochure proclaims, "We endorse no doctrine or policy except results in the field of combat," isn't Camper's school by definition the ideal training ground for terrorists? Yes and no. Camper is not permitted to discuss any role he may have had in the arrest of several Sikhs who traveled down to New Orleans to kill Bhajan Lal—the trial is pending—but the affidavit filed by the FBI in the case let slip that a "source of known reliability" from Birmingham, Alabama, had told them that the Sikhs had told his "business associate" (who is named in the affidavit, and does work for Camper) that they were off to kill "an enemy of the people." Another FBI affidavit, from the New York office, reveals that the bureau knew the Sikhs were looking for training in explosives and urban guerrilla tactics as early as January, though whether Camper had a direct role in tipping them off then is less clear. A quick flip through the *Birmingham News's* clip file shows Camper has a history of informing on customers who break the law. One was shipping arms to Nigeria, another tried to enlist Camper in a drug hit in Miami. This, of course, is all to the good. If you're in Camper's line of work, you have a *duty* to be a stool pigeon. And it's clear Camper relishes the role of law

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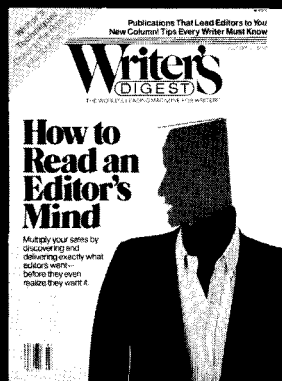
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enforcer: "How else are you gonna penetrate their organization and stop them?"

But what about the Sikhs? Amazingly enough, they failed to discover Camper's blown FBI cover, and that he was a rather fervent patriot. (Despite his organization's claim that it is nonpolitical, you won't hear Camper brag about former students who've gone off to fight with rebels the United States doesn't support, like those in El Salvador or South Africa.) The Sikhs' willingness to reveal their intentions to Camper shows that not all terrorists are smart. But you don't necessarily have to be smart to evade the FBI. Three of the four Sikhs managed to get away, and are now thought to be somewhere in the Far East. And what about the terrorists—whoops, I mean "mercenaries"—fighting for causes Camper believes in? Several of his former students tried to blow up a bridge in Nicaragua last December under the auspices of the Civilian Military Assistance group. Camper says he advised them against going, but what does he expect?

Rajiv Gandhi recently told *Blitz*, an Indian newsweekly, that he finds it "incredible" that the United States permits Camper to run his school. (Naturally this rankles Camper, who says he saved Gandhi's life.) Gandhi's foreign minister has added that he finds the Americans' "legalistic approach" to Camper "deplorable and disappointing." This approach consists of supervision by the Treasury Department's Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, to whom Camper must pay taxes on his automatic weapons (\$200 for each machine gun). Because Alabama does not regulate or prohibit the sale of these weapons, Camper may fire them off to his heart's content without the interference of the local police; the cops aren't even allowed to find out from ATF what Camper's firing in the woods, since technically that is an invasion of IRS-guaranteed privacy. If Camper kills someone during a live fire exercise, he might get sued or convicted of manslaughter, but unless he's convicted on a criminal charge he may keep his guns. (Camper says no one's been killed yet, though there have been knife wounds and at least one heart attack. The worst injury, he says, occurred when one of the Sikhs blew off half his eye with a piece of shrapnel.) Camper's semi-automatic weapons aren't registered with the feds at all. Like all nonautomatic guns, they need only be recorded privately with the manufacturer, the wholesaler, the retailer, and Camper himself.

THERE'S ALWAYS a danger that people like Camper will violate the Neutrality Act, which prohibits organizing an army against a nation with whom the United States is at peace, but according to an official in the State Department's legal office, the standard of proof is quite difficult. New regulations do require that foreigners who receive paramilitary training in the United States receive a license from the State Department, but that only covers half the problem; Americans may still go off to fight as mercenaries after receiving training at The Merc Camp. Not even a war is likely to stop the freelance violence.

When I asked Pablo, who has never belonged to the United States military, if he'd join up if we declared war on Nicaragua, he said he wouldn't. "I'd rather do it private."

TIMOTHY NOAH

Timothy Noah is a contributing editor of *The Washington Monthly*.

THE  PRESS

NEW MOON

DID THE REV. Sun Myung Moon get a raw deal? You might think so if you've been reading a recent series of full-page ads in *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post*, and other publications. The ads depict Moon's 1982 conviction on tax evasion as a miscarriage of justice perpetrated by overly zealous prosecutors in the U.S. attorney's office in New York. Such diverse supporters as Eugene McCarthy, Jerry Falwell, and the American Civil Liberties Union are quoted in Moon's defense. "When he [Moon] went to prison, our religious freedom went with him," one of the ads states. "If you don't stand up now—who will be next?"

The ads, timed to coincide with Moon's release from prison, were placed by something called the Committee to Defend the U.S. Constitution, the latest in a dizzying array of Unification Church front groups set up to campaign for Moon's vindication. The committee officially denies church funding, but a Unification Church spokeswoman has conceded that "businesses associated with our movement may have helped finance it." Anybody who phones the Washington, D.C., number cited in the ads hears a tape recording asking callers to leave a message. The phone number is located in the Capitol Hill office of Warren Richardson, a Moon organization lobbyist whose 1981 nomination to a Department of Health and Human Services post was torpedoed by the disclosure that he formerly worked for the racist and anti-Semitic Liberty Lobby.

Nevertheless, these and other Unification Church-financed efforts (the church last year hired two public relations companies, including the ubiquitous Washington superlobbyists Gray and Co., to work on the issue) appear to raise some legitimate questions. One of the ads, for instance, notes that Moon's personal tax liability was only \$7,300 plus interest: a smaller sum than the back taxes that Geraldine Ferraro and Vice President George Bush were forced to pay without criminal penalties. But these ads are highly misleading. Moon's case was entirely different from those of Bush or Ferraro and far more serious. Besides three counts of filing false income tax returns, Moon and one of his top aides, Takeru Kamiyama, were also

convicted of conspiracy to obstruct justice—the result of back-dated financial records, the creation of phony documents, and perjured testimony by top church officials in an attempt to deceive government investigators. Before adopting the Moon-as-martyr theory, or becoming alarmed at the specter of other unpopular religious ministers being carted off to jail, it is useful to review the evidence that led to Moon's conviction and incarceration.

THE CASE involved \$1.7 million that was deposited in two accounts with the Chase Manhattan Bank between 1973 and 1976 and another \$50,000 in stock held by Moon in a firm that imported goods from church-owned companies in South Korea. Moon personally walked into a Chase Manhattan branch office in New York City to open up the bank accounts on March 27, 1973. The accounts were listed under his name, and he signed for all withdrawals, including frequent transfers from the accounts to high-yield Chase time deposits. On one occasion in 1974, several of Moon's aides walked into the bank with brown paper bags stuffed with \$439,500 in cash—the apparent proceeds from flowers and other items hawked by Moon's followers on New York's streets. These funds were then used to buy Moon a time deposit that, at Moon's instruction, was later rolled over to compound the interest.

Nevertheless, Moon's lawyers maintained at the trial that the Unification Church leader did not need to report the interest income on the Chase accounts (about \$106,000) as well as the \$50,000 in stock, because these were church funds held by him in trust for his worldwide congregation.

As all sides agree, it is not uncommon for religious pastors, even Roman Catholic archbishops, to hold church funds in their own names. However, what government prosecutors Martin Flumenbaum and Jo Ann Harris sought to establish during the trial was that the Chase accounts were not church funds at all but Moon's personal reserve. Thus, they showed that Moon made withdrawals for such "nonreligious" purposes as the purchase of \$1,500 gold watches, the payment of private school tuition for his children, the buying of stock in an attempt to take over a Washington, D.C., bank, and the investment of \$200,000 in an Arizona iron mining venture.

In October 1973 Moon loaned \$361,827 from the Chase checking account to the Holy Spirit Association for Unification World Christianity (HSA-UWC), which was the church's formally incorporated tax-exempt entity. These funds helped the church buy a baronial \$630,000 estate (complete with tennis courts) in Westchester County, New York. This 26-acre property then became the personal residence of Moon and his family. Later, when the church had trouble meeting mortgage payments on another one of its properties, Moon lent another \$175,000 to HSA-UWC, of which \$70,000 was repaid and the rest was written off as a "special contribution" from Moon. These transactions were formally entered on HSA-UWC's books as loans from Moon, raising a rather obvious question: If Moon's Chase accounts were really the church's funds,

why did he loan the money to the church rather than simply transfer it?

In the trial, Moon's lawyer, Charles A. Stillman, sought to portray him as a lofty spiritual leader who had little interest in or understanding of the business affairs carried out in his name. But as the government pointed out, Moon double-timed as the chairman of the board of four South Korean manufacturing companies that had made him a wealthy man. (Since this period, Moon's business empire has grown substantially and now includes a Japanese ginseng tea distributorship, a Uruguayan bank and luxury hotel, a fleet of fishing boats in Gloucester, Massachusetts, and media properties such as *The Washington Times* newspaper, into which he has sunk more than \$150 million since 1982.)

Government prosecutors were able to show, through loan agreements and other documents, that Moon had a reasonably sophisticated understanding of his financial affairs. In late 1973, for example, Moon requested that title to the Westchester County estate, known as East Garden, be transferred from the church to himself. Why? According to court testimony, church president Neal Salonen explained to one church official: "Father wanted East Garden transferred into his own name because it was his personal money."

WHEN THE Justice Department was reviewing the Moon tax case before his indictment, church officials came in with documents purporting to show that the \$1.7 million Moon deposited in the Chase accounts was actually given to him by his religious followers abroad. One set of records showed \$350,000 in "loans" from European leaders of the Unification Church in 1973 that corresponded exactly to deposits made by Moon into the Chase accounts that year. Another document, called the Japanese Family Fund Ledger, showed the names of hundreds of Japanese church members and the dates they supposedly gave cash "donations" to Moon—the dates and donations matching with Moon's deposits in the Chase accounts.

Both documents turned out to be frauds. The 1973 "loan" ledger, for example, was proved by a watermark expert to have been prepared on paper that hadn't been manufactured until the following year. According to government officials, it was the submission of these phony documents that finally persuaded the Justice Department to press criminal charges against Moon.

Some of Moon's defenders have also raised the issue of "selective prosecution," suggesting that political pressure from Congress prompted the government to select Moon as a target. The origin of the Moon case, however, was quite ordinary. A sharp-eyed IRS agent, conducting a routine audit of Moon's taxes in the fall of 1976, spotted references to the Chase accounts in the work papers of Moon's accountant at Peat Marwick Mitchell. Furthermore, it is standard and perfectly defensible government policy to concentrate the limited resources available for tax enforcement on investigating and prosecuting prominent people. Catching big-name cheaters is consid-

ered the best way to keep the rest of us honest.

How did the Moon case become a symbol of religious persecution when the evidence seems so strong? Much of the case's attraction to civil libertarians undoubtedly comes from the constitutional gloss placed on the Moon case by one of his lawyers, Laurence H. Tribe, a prominent Harvard Law School professor. Tribe was hired by the church toward the close of the trial, and then directed losing appeals all the way up to the Supreme Court. The church's capacity to pay for such persuasive advocacy is seemingly inexhaustible. In addition to Stillman, Tribe, and the stable of Gray and Co. publicists and lobbyists, the church also recruited the dean of Washington defense lawyers, Edward Bennett Williams, last year in an unsuccessful attempt to get Moon a presidential pardon.

Another of Moon's forceful legal defenders has been Jeremiah Gutman, the president of the New York Civil Liberties Union, who was trotted out by one of the church's public relations companies last year to brief journalists on the violation of Moon's civil rights. Gutman is also quoted criticizing the verdict in the newspaper ads. What the ads don't say is that Gutman's law firm has long represented the Unification Church and

that Gutman helped to represent Moon at the trial.

The basic civil liberties argument, as advanced by Tribe, Gutman, and others of Moon's defenders, has been that the courts have no constitutional authority to judge the internal finances of religious groups. If church leaders say that Moon's bank accounts belonged to the church, they argue, the government has no right to second-guess them. This sweeping claim holds an obvious appeal, not only to the ACLU types, but to such New Right evangelists as Falwell whose television ministries every year generate millions of dollars they would prefer not to be accountable for.

It is a claim, however, that was dismissed without merit by the Second Circuit Court of Appeals two years ago. In rejecting Moon's appeal, Judge Richard R. Cardamone concluded that the First Amendment does not excuse religious ministers from paying their taxes on personal income any more than it bestows immunity from any other criminal offense. "To allow otherwise," he wrote, "would be to permit church leaders to stand above the law."

MICHAEL ISIKOFF

Michael Isikoff is a reporter for *The Washington Post*.

From American princess to Jordanian queen.

A ROYAL PAIN

BY RACHEL FLICK

WHEN JORDAN'S KING Hussein bin Talal visited Washington last spring to seek support for his current "peace plan," he devoted his final morning to an informal forum sponsored by the American Enterprise Institute. Hundreds of journalists, scholars, and politicians flocked to the Dolly Madison Hotel, where he was to speak. Yet once inside the conference room, all eyes were on the 49-year-old king's young American wife, Queen Noor Al Hussein. Queen Noor, née Lisa Halaby, was seated on a throne. Her wing-backed, upholstered armchair loomed out of the ranks of the hotel stackables. Later it was learned that the queen had requested a throne. Apparently, though, she was displeased by the chair's color. It was not what the palace had specified. It clashed with her dress.

Queen Noor is the king's fourth wife. She and her husband both see her job strictly as that of a helpmeet. "His

Majesty comes first," she explained to *The New York Times*. "He is the pivot around which the entire country revolves." There is ample evidence that Queen Noor is trying to help him here as well as in Jordan—that she wants to be for him a sort of sociological liaison to a country on which he depends. But as her visit to AEI demonstrated, she is hampered in that purpose by a critical weakness. Noor is tremendously excited to be a queen. In her excitement she has played the monarch with a convert's zeal. Lisa Halaby was no pauper, so the problem here is not nouveau riche, but nouveau royal.

Friends who knew the queen as Lisa Halaby say she was an American princess long before she was a Jordanian queen. She is the daughter of Najeeb Halaby—former president of Pan American World Airways and administrator of the Federal Aviation Administration, and an active figure in Arab-American politics. Lisa was raised in well-heeled communities in California, Washington, and New York. She graduated from the prestigious Concord Academy in 1970, and went on to Princeton University,

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where she majored in architecture and dabbled in photography. She took off a semester and ski-bummed in Aspen. "It was an artsy type of crowd," a classmate says. Political? "Not that I knew of. If she got involved in any kind of protests it was probably for social reasons."

After Lisa graduated from Princeton she took a series of jobs abroad, landing at length in Jordan at ALIA, the Royal Airline. Several months later her father took her to a celebration for ALIA's receipt of its first Boeing 747, an acquisition he had a hand in. It was there Lisa met the king. At the time Hussein was thought a tragic figure, because Alia, his third wife and the namesake of his airline, had recently died in a helicopter crash. The king's first two marriages had ended in divorce. His marriage at 19 to the Egyptian Dina Abdul Hamid, a distant cousin, lasted only 18 months. It seems Dina was put off by the way parlor games in the palace were rigged so the king would win. The second marriage, in 1961 to Toni Avril Gardiner, daughter of an English diplomat, was said to be happy for about ten years, until the king unaccountably lost interest. Inevitably, the union that ended in death was described as the one that had made him truly happy.

Hussein has always been subject to what Fouad Ajami of the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies calls "the romance with the outsider." He was aware, though, that when he had married too far afield the marriages had failed. Lisa Halaby was an American of Arab descent. She could thus be represented as an Arab woman. Then, too, she was a striking blonde. Hussein likes blondes. Even his Arab wife, Alia, wore her hair in that color (and coiffed it into a full sweep, which is exactly how Noor now wears hers).

As for Noor, a friend recalls that "from the very beginning, she was just filled with awe of him." The romance proceeded with dispatch. For six weeks Hussein and Lisa dined alone together every night. They were wed on June 15, 1978, in a Moslem ceremony. She was the only woman present. After the ceremony the palace announced that Lisa had adopted Islam, had become a Jordanian, and that hereafter her name was Noor Al Hussein, which translates as "Light of Hussein."

Noor declares that her transformation has been complete. "I never felt American when I married," she told *People* magazine. "America was a place where I grew up, studied, and developed a foundation for living." In Jordan, she says, she felt "instinctively at home." She denies she ever thinks about her old name, either. "I think of myself as Noor," she says. This kind of statement makes her rather like those people on nude beaches who insist they don't really notice the nakedness all around them; they're totally comfortable with the human body.

THE TRUTH IS that the more Noor tries to deny her origins the more evident they become. A woman to the manor born understands that the trick is to underplay one's role, not incessantly to draw attention to it. It's the difference between Eleanor Roosevelt and Nancy Reagan. Natural is lovable. Airs are not.

The queen probably took her cue from her husband, who as a king is a little nouveau too. Hussein is a member of an ancient ruling line—the Hashemites, who trace their descent from the Prophet Mohammed. He is only the third Hashemite, though, to claim the title of king. Hussein's great-grandfather was still called "Sharif," which means a descendant of a prophet, and is very different from the European idea expressed by the word "king." The newness of the leader's title reflects the newness of the political entity he rules. The Jordan that Hussein must control today is a recently created country whose population is diverse and whose borders were drawn in consideration of many factors other than the ancient ties of some Arab peoples to his ruling line. Trans-Jordan was created by the British when they carved up the Middle East in the aftermath of World War I. The Hashemites had lost a struggle for the land that is now Saudi Arabia, and two Hashemite brothers—Faisal and Hussein's grandfather, Abdullah—were demanding other countries to rule. Both wanted Syria. Faisal got it (though he soon lost it). Abdullah got Trans-Jordan. It was all that was left.

AS THE CREATED MONARCH of a created country, Hussein is understandably preoccupied with the royal persona. His preferred interpretation of that persona is expressed in the title, borrowed from Shakespeare, that he gave his 1962 memoir, *Uneasy Lies the Head*. Quite apart from its considerable appeal as a self-image, this role serves Hussein well. It covered his retreat, for instance, in 1982 when he refused to step into the breach left in the Mideast power structure by the disintegrating Palestine Liberation Organization. "Being a king takes a toll on one," he explained to *The Wall Street Journal's* Karen Elliott House. In just this way, Hussein has many times persuaded the monarch-starved democracies to forgive what we'd condemn in any other politician. Hussein's persona transmutes cowardice into sensitivity.

Noor is captivated by the same illusion with which Hussein sometimes seduces the Western press. She too tends to see Hussein's every habit as remarkable. If he stays up late with a book, it's because he's complicated. He has grown more introspective, she tells the *Times*. She even likes to see his taste for fast cars as a kingly sport—like horsemanship was for the English Kings. "He likes to go out and push himself to see what his physical endurance is," she says.

And, as she takes pains to point out, her head lies uneasy too. She told *The Washington Post*: "There are things between a king and queen that aren't like anything else, that are exclusively private." Or on another occasion: "I wish there were more opportunities for His Majesty and me to go out and have fun, to let go all our responsibilities. But as time goes on, one's concept of fun changes."

A U.S. official who saw a lot of her in Jordan reports she is "too elegant—too much expensive jewelry, and too many designer fashions. There isn't that much wealth in

Jordan. She is in some ways insensitive, and sometimes tries to play the queenly role a bit too much."

Noor wants you to know, though, that being a queen is not all Cartier and servants. "We don't have time for a great deal of pomp and ceremony," she explains. And she likes to claim a Western-style, modern marriage. "We are, in fact, a working couple before anything else." As she oddly put it to *The Washington Post*, "His Majesty is my best friend."

NOOR'S ORNATE, gold-printed *Official Palace Biography* gives the impression that she occupies herself mostly with a lot of Lady Bountiful stuff—running crafts fairs, serving the deaf, suffering the little children, and so forth. Lately, though, she's indicated that she'd really rather do international politics, and since 1982 she has begun to speak out on this subject.

By all accounts, including her own, Lisa Halaby knew relatively little about Mideast politics when she married. "There is so much learning that I have to do," she explains. "But I do have the best professors in the world, beginning with my husband." There are signs that the palace initially opposed this interest, partly because of strong cultural reservations about highly visible women. Another part, though, of Amman's skepticism about Noor's ambitions was worry about how well she'd carry them out. An administrator of an American university who handled a speech she gave on his campus this past spring says he struggled with the palace staff over how much she should be allowed to ad-lib. "We assumed she would take questions. At first this was no problem. She wanted to do it. But the people around the king in Amman did not trust her to take questions. They didn't want her off the text."

But she did take questions, and she is overcoming her country's initial reluctance. As well she might. Hussein is afraid, and he has decided he needs America. "He would like to court America because he's frightened of the Arabs, frightened of the Palestinians," says Ajami. "He's showing a great deal of anxiety and eagerness to prove something to the U.S. and the Israelis," adds Mohammed Hallaj of the Palestine Information Office.

Still, Hussein has for America the mixed feelings the weak always do for those from whom they seek protection. As Ajami says, "He is of two minds about America. America is very fickle, America isn't interested in him, America won't take him seriously." This is where Noor comes in. The twin cards of her nationality and her intimacy with the king give her influence. As a U.S. official points out: "You always listen to your wife at the end of the day, no matter who you are, king or blue-collar laborer." Ajami adds, "If [Hussein's] second [English] wife was at a time of pax Britannica, this wife is at a time of pax Americana."

Certainly one is beginning to hear in Hussein's remarks a pronounced effort to strike a note that might reach Americans. He's been using the word "peace" at least once per paragraph (delivering it with his characteristic sorrows-of-the-ages inflection). And he opened his remarks at AEI with a little nod in the direction of nuclear

war—again, the reference is dated by two or three years, but it indicates that a studied effort is at work.

Noor takes these themes one step further when she speaks to university audiences. "As university students in the late sixties," she fondly but falsely recalled in an address at Harvard during her speaking tour this year, "we were the first to confront the awesome challenge of responsibility and choice in a nuclear age. . . . Men and women such as myself," she added, "were part of that almost iconoclastic era that so transformed American attitudes between the sixties and seventies."

The Harvard speech is an instance, too, of a rhetorical service that only she can perform for the king. Noor can say what her husband thinks, in language untempered by diplomatic niceties. In a 1982 speech at Georgetown University, in what she announced as a "political message" from her husband, she asserted, "Democracy, Israeli-style, places bombs in the cars of elected Arab mayors. . . . Palestinians either live under the nightmare of occupation and the denial of their human rights, or are physically attacked by the Israeli war machine." At Harvard just this spring she defended the infamous 1967 declaration of the Arab summit at Khartoum that refused to negotiate, recognize, or coexist with Israel as "moral indignation over Israel's continued territorial expansion at the expense of legitimate Arab rights on legitimate Arab soil."

The queen will have to do better than this if she intends to convince her Western audiences to embrace her husband's politics. Her newfound radicalism, like her pained reflections on the burdens of the monarchy, lacks the noble ring of authenticity.

How to force the king's hand.

HUSSEIN'S PREDICAMENT

BY HIRSH GOODMAN

AN ISRAELI intelligence document written several years ago described Jordan's King Hussein as a man trapped on a bridge burning at both ends, with crocodiles in the river beneath him. In uncharacteristically flowery language, the intelligence brief continues: he cannot move forward, he cannot retreat, and he cannot jump. He is a slave of the status quo.

The document is still in current files. Despite the passage of time, there has been no change in Israel's fundamental thinking on Hussein's problems. Notwithstanding the editorial-page sophistry generated by the king's latest

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maneuvering around President Reagan's new quest for peace in the Middle East, Hussein will not proceed, retreat, or jump. He will continue to say all things to all people all of the time, and hope to get away with it.

In 1970 the king bludgeoned the PLO out of Jordan because it was becoming a state within a state. Fifteen years later he will do nothing that will end with his inheriting 1.3 million Palestinians on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip. Hussein knows these people do not want to be loyal subjects of the Hashemite kingdom. They want to have their own state, flag, and anthem.

Hussein and the PLO are competitors for the allegiance of the Palestinians, and any ostensible alliance between them now is tactical, not strategic. The PLO is currently using Hussein to help itself gain de facto American recognition, and Hussein is using the PLO to perpetuate the impression of moderation and movement while the Reagan administration discusses more weapons sales for his army. These maneuvers are not designed to change the status quo in the Middle East, but to preserve it through an illusion of progress.

This axiomatic truth should be recognized by the Reagan administration. Despite the king's platitudes, formulas, and convoluted prescriptions for proceeding with the peace process, he has no intention of acting upon them. Why should he? The current situation, though potentially dangerous, has clear advantages. He has nonbelligerency on his border with Israel; given U.S. strategic interests in the region, he is assured of continued support; he has renewed relations with Egypt and Iraq that are unaffected by tactical development on the peace front; he has Arafat dependent on his graciousness as a host; and he enjoys the support of the traditional leadership on the West Bank and in Gaza.

If Hussein moves forward on the peace issue, he will not only be faced with more hostility from Syria and the rest of the rejectionist Arab world, but with a stigma as the man who first lost Jerusalem in battle and then gave it away at the negotiating table. For there is no other logical conclusion to the peace process. He will also be faced with either an independent Palestinian state on his eastern flank or having to absorb a highly nationalistic Palestinian entity into Jordan (whether in confederation or some other format)—neither an attractive proposition for a king who is already having trouble convincing the 67 percent of his subjects who are Palestinians that they are, in fact, Jordanians first, and Palestinians second.

BUT HUSSEIN'S problems, fears, and preferences should not be allowed to dictate the course of Middle East diplomacy. They have done so for far too long, and the price paid by those with a stake in the region has been far too high. Movement toward peace entails compromise and more than the perennial running in place that has thus far typified all attempts to get a process going.

Compromise and movement will not happen by themselves. If the Reagan administration feels it has a workable plan, Hussein should not be allowed to preclude it as he

did when he prevented the Camp David process from reaching fruition, and when he rejected the 1982 Reagan plan. The Camp David accords, which stipulate recognition of "the legitimate rights of the Palestinians," which call for full autonomy on the West Bank and in Gaza and for a redefinition of the status of these areas, could have been a solution—or at least the beginnings of one. Although the precise nature of full autonomy was open to negotiation, the chances were that it would be defined in a manner more acceptable to the Arabs than the Israelis. After all, Israel was dependent on more than three billion dollars per year in American aid on the one hand, and the need to perpetuate the peace process with Egypt on the other. But neither Jordan nor the Palestinians would negotiate, and what started out as an initiative that could have brought a modicum of peace to the Middle East ended with a bilateral peace between Israel and Egypt, and continued misery for the Palestinians.

ISRAEL HAS NOW occupied the West Bank and Gaza for 18 years, and the strands tying Israel to the territories captured in the Six Day War are becoming increasingly impossible to unravel. Unless there is some movement soon, it will be too late. The Israelis currently going into the army to do their three-year stint of service were born in an Israel that included the territories. To them the "Green Line" (the pre-1967 border) is an esoteric concept; to them Jenin and Hebron and Ramallah have always been in Israel.

What's more, the last Israeli general election, in July 1984, indicated that the youth have swung heavily to the right. Not only did the ultranationalistic *Techiya* party (which advocates the retention of all of Greater Israel) win most of its support from men and women in uniform, but Meir Kahane received more than 50 percent of his votes from the army.

On the other side of the coin, the Palestinian youths of the territories have known nothing but occupation all their lives. It has been for all intents and purposes a benign occupation, and educational levels have soared. The combination of occupation and education is a surefire recipe for nationalism. It is no accident that almost all Palestinian protest on the West Bank manifests itself in the high schools and universities.

The development of two poles among the youth of Israel and the youth under occupation is clear. Hussein has said he recognizes that the current generation of leaders is probably the last who can make peace, but he continues to do little except talk.

Take the current exercise to put together a list of names of people who could serve in a joint Palestinian-Jordanian delegation. If Hussein was indeed serious, five out of seven of the names on the list submitted to the Reagan administration would not have been identifiable and blatant members of the PLO. Nor would Jordan have officially announced at the end of July that the two people accepted by Israel would be observers to the talks, not participants.

Congress has linked Jordanian movement on the peace

front with the supply of more weapons. But one remains skeptical about the administration's determination to enforce this bond. One frequently hears the view that the supply of weapons is essential if the king is to remain a moderate force. How these officials reconcile this argument with the fact that Hussein has received over \$3.6 billion (in constant 1971 dollars) in arms since 1967, and over \$2.6 billion in arms in the eight years since President Sadat arrived in Jerusalem, without budging in the direction of peace has yet to be explained.

IF THE administration this time around is serious about pressing the partners to a potential settlement into negotiations, Hussein's professed moderation must be put to the test. Until now he has benefited from both worlds, only receiving, never giving. Unlike Israel, he has never come under American sanction; unlike Israel, he has never made a move forward, never compromised. If still Hussein won't move, Israel, the United States, and the West Bank Palestinians should embark on a course of unilateral action.

With U.S. prodding, Israel should call for free elections in the West Bank and Gaza, whose populations together constitute a majority of the Palestinian people. These elections would provide delegates to the Camp David negotiating table. The delegates, rather than being selected by the PLO, would represent the democratic free choice of the Palestinian people. Israel, the U.S., and Egypt would guarantee the safety of these delegates, and Jordan would be invited to the negotiating table. If the king came, his voice would be heard with respect. If he chose not to come, the talks would go on without him.

The goal would be to recapture the spirit of the Camp David accords, to which Israel, the United States, and Egypt are already contractually bound. A timetable should be set: within two years a definition of full autonomy would be reached, and within five years the status of the West Bank and Gaza would be redefined.

Clearly, the process is not an easy one. Hussein is right to fear that any move to work toward resolution of the problem of the West Bank will incite the radicals in the Palestinian movement, who are not interested in compromise. But it is not as if he is now secure and impervious to terrorist attack. Continued occupation by Israel is a catalyst to Palestinian nationalism, and Palestinian nationalism is the greatest threat to the Hashemite throne. Pursuing a solution that would satisfy the Palestinian mainstream and consolidate the moderate Arab alliance is in fact essential for Hussein's longevity.

Israel too has reasons for moving quickly on the peace process. A transition of power to Yitzhak Shamir next fall would leave Shimon Peres as the man who brought in draconian emergency economic measures, and Shamir would reap the benefits of prosperity. Peres is doubtless tempted to pursue a cause that, if successful, would force the right wing out of the government and prompt an early election that he is confident of winning.

As for Egypt, President Mubarak cannot want it to remain the only Arab country at peace with Israel, and re-

cent moves to facilitate trade and tourism between Israel and Egypt seem to indicate that he is not retreating from the peace process.

On the geostrategic level, Syria has been isolated as a result of its support for Iran in the Iraq-Iran conflict, and is inundated with its own problems ranging from Lebanon to an unsure relationship with the new regime in Moscow. One recent example of Syria's isolation was its inability to prevent the Arab League summit in Casablanca. Jordan has renewed its relations with Egypt, and the United States its relations with Iraq, strengthening the pro-Western axis in the Middle East. The PLO is not the cohesive force it once was, and Yasir Arafat resides in Jordan at the pleasure of the king. And perhaps most important, the traditional Palestinian leadership on the West Bank and in Gaza, perturbed by the growing radicalism of the youth and sick of 18 years of occupation, is open to compromise.

All of the factors for a historic breakthrough are there. Only Hussein can deliver the Palestinians, and only the United States can deliver both the Jordanians and Israelis. But neither Hussein nor Israel will come unless pressure is exerted on *both* parties. In 1975 the Ford administration confronted Israel with a "reassessment" of U.S. policy when it was uncompromising on interim arrangements in the Sinai, and other embargoes have been imposed sporadically over the past decade. The time has come for such pressure to be applied on Jordan.

Hussein may be on a bridge being consumed by flames on both ends with crocodiles in the river under him, but the fires are raging higher, and the crocodiles are getting hungrier. The flames will eventually consume Hussein, and with him the hope for long-lasting peace in the Middle East. Since the king will not move on his own, he has to be made to move. More F-16s and more improved Hawk antiaircraft missiles will not bring peace. The way to do so is to create the conditions that will shake the king out of his paralysis.

Dealing with the PLO and the U.S.

ISRAEL'S DILEMMA

BY LALLY WEYMOUTH

HOW IS IT that the United States finds itself once again trying to impose a peace settlement on the Middle East when it has failed so often in the past to do so? This time it is considering participating in a meeting of Palestinians, Jordanians, and U.S. representatives that

Lally Weymouth is a New York writer who covers the Middle East.

will allegedly lead to direct talks with Israel but will more likely result in implicit, if not explicit, recognition of the PLO. A former high-ranking U.S. official blames Israel's Labor-led government. "It's difficult for an American administration to be harder on the PLO than the Israelis," he said, adding, "When the Israelis get to the left of the U.S. administration, what can the administration do? Peres has made it difficult for any U.S. government to hold him back." Indeed, it appears that only the Arabs can prevent this meeting from occurring if, at their summit meeting this week, they place upon Jordan's King Hussein or the PLO's Yasir Arafat constraints that limit their room to maneuver.

ONLY A YEAR AGO, Israel held an election in which its internal division translated into a standoff between the two major parties, Likud and Labor. Since neither had enough votes to form a government by itself, they agreed to form a "national unity government." Its ostensible purpose was to unite the country so that it could tackle the country's tremendous economic problems and withdraw its troops from Lebanon. But it was widely accepted in Jerusalem, Washington, and even in Arab capitals that the new Israeli government could not be expected to do much for the peace process. After all, Foreign Minister Yitzhak Shamir, who is scheduled to become prime minister next year under a rotation agreement, is ideologically opposed, as is his Likud Party, to any settlement on the West Bank that involves an exchange of land for peace.

Moreover, the second-term Reagan administration made the achievement of a Middle East settlement a lower priority. Secretary of State George Shultz had been badly burned by his experience in Lebanon. And he thought President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt had lied to him when he had promised to send his ambassador back to Tel Aviv in return for Israeli troop withdrawal from Lebanon. Mubarak never fulfilled his pledge.

Shultz admitted to one Jewish leader that in two years his politics regarding the Middle East had changed 180 degrees—in Israel's favor. His coolness about getting the United States involved again in the politics of the region showed up during the state visits of King Fahd of Saudi Arabia and President Mubarak. The Arab visitors—hopeful that a second-term Reagan administration, not needing Jewish votes to get reelected, could pressure Israel—went away disappointed. They were told the United States was interested only in encouraging direct talks between Arabs and Israelis.

The situation changed when King Hussein came to Washington last spring. Hussein called for an international conference that would include the Soviets. Moreover, he called for a meeting of Palestinians, Jordanians, and U.S. officials allegedly to serve as a first step to direct talks with Israel about the West Bank. He asserted that Arafat now accepted U.N. resolutions 242 and 338—although Arafat remained silent and the king had no tangible proof, at least in public.

Shultz was impressed either by what Hussein said or by what he had heard and seen in Jerusalem and Jordan. King Hussein, a man of considerable charm, took Shultz out on his yacht in the Gulf of Aqaba and, pointing to Israel, impressed the secretary with his apparently genuine desire for a peace settlement. "What caught Shultz's attention," said a senior U.S. official, "was a shift on the Arab side. Instead of asking for a guaranteed outcome, the Jordanians [appeared to be] persuaded that there can't be one. They think time is running out on Peres. They've lived with the occupation for 18 years. There will be nothing left to negotiate about soon." At least one astute Shultz watcher believes that Shultz always wanted to make good on Reagan's Middle East plan of 1982, which proved to be such a failure.

Shultz received conflicting signals from Jerusalem. Originally he was led to believe that Israel didn't oppose including members of the Palestine National Council, the Palestinian parliament in exile, as members of the Palestinian group for the meeting Hussein had proposed. Before his cruise with Hussein, Shultz held an important meeting with Peres, who led him to believe, through a series of winks and nods, that if the king spoke of nonbelligerency in Washington, Peres would not object to U.S. arms sales to Jordan. On the other hand, Shamir made it clear to Shultz that Likud opposed PNC members as much as PLO members. There is no good or bad PLO, said Shamir to Shultz.

SO ONLY ONE YEAR after the formation of the national unity government, Israel seems more divided than ever, especially over the future of the West Bank. Shamir's right-hand man, Josi Ben Aharon, pointed out that the "raison d'être" of the national unity government was the economy, but he claimed that Prime Minister Peres had diverted so much of his attention to sending signals to the Arabs that he was willing to be more flexible than previous governments. Did Washington push Peres or vice versa? One U.S. official says it's impossible to say—that they joined in a collaborative effort to get the peace process moving again.

What is clear is that Peres was interested from his first day in office in starting peace talks with Hussein over the future of the West Bank. Although many of his moves have been kept quiet, one is known. There was a group composed largely of New York businessmen, whose sympathies lay with the Labor Party, who served as intermediaries between the king and Peres. It was Gene Halaby, the father of Queen Noor, who suggested to these businessmen that they go to Amman to see the king. They did, and since then, "we've been acting like middlemen for both parties," one member of the group explained. He told me that they want "to get both parties to the table."

"The Jordanians laid out their plans to us eight or nine months ago," said one of the group's members. They've lived up to 80 percent of what they said they'd accomplish. I don't know if the Israelis will

match their progress." Shimon Peres told the group, "History proved that when two opposing parties sit down, the final solution is always different, so I say, start the process."

By appearing to be open and interested in peace talks with Hussein, Peres has endeared himself to Washington officials, exhausted from dealing with the unyielding Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon. During this time of financial crisis, it would be hard for any Israeli prime minister to ask the Americans for ever-increasing sums of money while refusing to yield an inch on a West Bank settlement.

There are also internal pressures pushing Peres to seek peace on all fronts. Having fought so many wars and sacrificed so much, many Israelis understandably want to believe it's possible to live in peace with their Arab neighbors. Peace talks with Jordan could thus be helpful to Peres's political future. It is rumored that he wants to form a narrow-based Labor government. He could do this by winning over from Likud enough liberal and religious party votes to form a government without calling an election. Or he could hope that the Likud would leave the government if he seems to be making progress toward exchanging West Bank land for peace. This is quite possible. Ariel Sharon has spelled out Likud's uncompromising position: "Never shall a Jordanian soldier or policeman or official be able to have any role in conducting or administering Samaria, Judea, or Gaza."

THE PROCESS didn't get off to a great start. In July King Hussein's emissaries submitted a list of Palestinians to the United States. Peres quickly announced that all eight candidates were unacceptable—they were too closely affiliated with the PLO. But then he changed his mind a week later, saying that two of the names were acceptable after all.

One U.S. official noted that Peres thus "demonstrated that he accepts the idea that the PLO can have a role in saying who can do the talking." Foreign Minister Shamir swiftly separated himself from Peres's position, sending a hard-hitting letter to Shultz opposing any and all indirect talks—i.e., talks that take place without an Israeli delegation present.

Paradoxically, the more the Peres-led government does to look and sound reasonable, the more it undercuts U.S. usefulness in the area. For U.S. power lies in the Arab belief that Israel can only be produced for peace talks, "kicking and screaming," by the United States. Henry Kissinger's Middle East negotiations in the early 1970s succeeded because he was the only power broker who could bring Israel into an agreement with the Arabs.

For its part, the United States is trying to ensure that King Hussein's promise will be kept: that after a Palestinian, Jordanian, U.S. meeting, the PLO will recognize Israel, as well as U.N. resolutions 242 and 338. Such an event, one of Peres's senior advisers told me,

could lead to another split in the PLO. Or if Arafat wriggles out of his promise yet again, argues the Peres camp, King Hussein could seek alternative leadership to the PLO.

WHILE OFFICIALS in Jerusalem and Washington and Amman concentrate on how to move the peace process forward, the PLO seems to be sending its own mixed signals. If Hussein is correct and Arafat recognizes the U.N. resolutions, then why did his deputy, Abu Jihad, only two months ago send a boatload of terrorists to Israel to blow up the defense department in Tel Aviv? (Like two other attacks from the sea this year, this one was intercepted.) Moreover, the PLO has been engaging in a new kind of terror inside Israel—murdering innocent civilians. At least ten have been killed in that last few months, leading even dovish newspapers to call for the death penalty.

The PLO doesn't seem to have abandoned its practice of speaking one way in Arabic while endorsing another, more moderate line in English. Khaled al-Hasan, one of Arafat's closest deputies and a member of the central committee of the PLO, spoke bluntly to Kuwaiti newspapers recently, confirming the fears of Israeli hard-liners. He said, "The next step will be de facto recognition of the PLO that will turn into formal recognition by Western nations in general and the United States in particular." Unlike Hussein, al-Hasan did not pretend that the PLO had changed its original goal—the destruction of the state of Israel. "The current Arab situation does not allow us to carry out certain actions which were possible during the war of attrition under former Egyptian President Gamal Abdel Nasser," said al-Hasan. "The Palestinian revolution adopts stages in its struggle . . . with the strategy of . . . [reaching] the final objective"—the seizure of all of Israel.

The central question raised by the internal quarreling and divisiveness in Israel is: Has the country been permanently weakened? Has the nation known for daring military feats such as Entebbe and the raid on the Iraqi nuclear reactor lost its psychological edge over its Arab neighbors? Some argue that this is a passing stage, similar to one in the United States after Vietnam, and claim that it will provoke a backlash. But others worry that the change is deeper: "They've got to be tough and unpredictable, ready to do something. I'm afraid that's no longer the case," one informed observer remarked.

One danger is that the Syrians, with a standing army of 500,000 men, might choose this moment—when Israel appears divided and perhaps somewhat weaker—to strike, even in a limited way. "The days of easy victories are over," warns Syrian expert Itamar Rabinovitch. Syria's ruthless and clever President Hafez al-Assad will undoubtedly see to it that a U.S.-sponsored peace settlement does not come to fruition in the area. The United States should have learned in Lebanon how effective Assad can be at disrupting the best-laid plans. □

'BREAKING WITH MOSCOW': AN EXCHANGE

Editor's note: In his best-selling memoir, Breaking with Moscow, the former Soviet diplomat Arkady Shevchenko describes a colorful career spying for the United States before his defection from a high United Nations post in April 1978. In our issue of July 15&22, we published an article by Edward Jay Epstein asserting that many of the details in Shevchenko's story are demonstrably false, and casting doubt on Shevchenko's claim to have been a valuable spy for the United States.

In addition to the following letters from Shevchenko's editor and from the producer of a "60 Minutes" presentation of his story, an anonymous representative of the Central Intelligence Agency telephoned TNR and several other news organizations with the following statement: "Shevchenko provided invaluable information to the U.S. government. The CIA had nothing to do with writing the book." Finally, on July 31—a month after the article was released—Shevchenko himself held a press conference at the National Press Club in Washington, denying Epstein's charges.

To the editors:

Edward Jay Epstein's "review" of Arkady Shevchenko's *Breaking with Moscow* is so riddled with errors, misrepresentations, and leaps of judgment that one scarcely knows where to begin a rejoinder. But having talked to the author, as well as to knowledgeable authorities, we are convinced that Shevchenko's memoir is reliable. . . .

The *New York Times* on July 1, 1985, effectively demolished several of Epstein's charges; others of his accusations reflect attempts to strip Shevchenko of his verisimilitude. For example, Epstein writes: "The book details a wealth of espionage coups [Epstein's word] Shev-

chenko accomplished before the end of 1975." It is illogical to assume that Shevchenko would not discuss what the Soviets had done in the months before his defection. Epstein further claims:

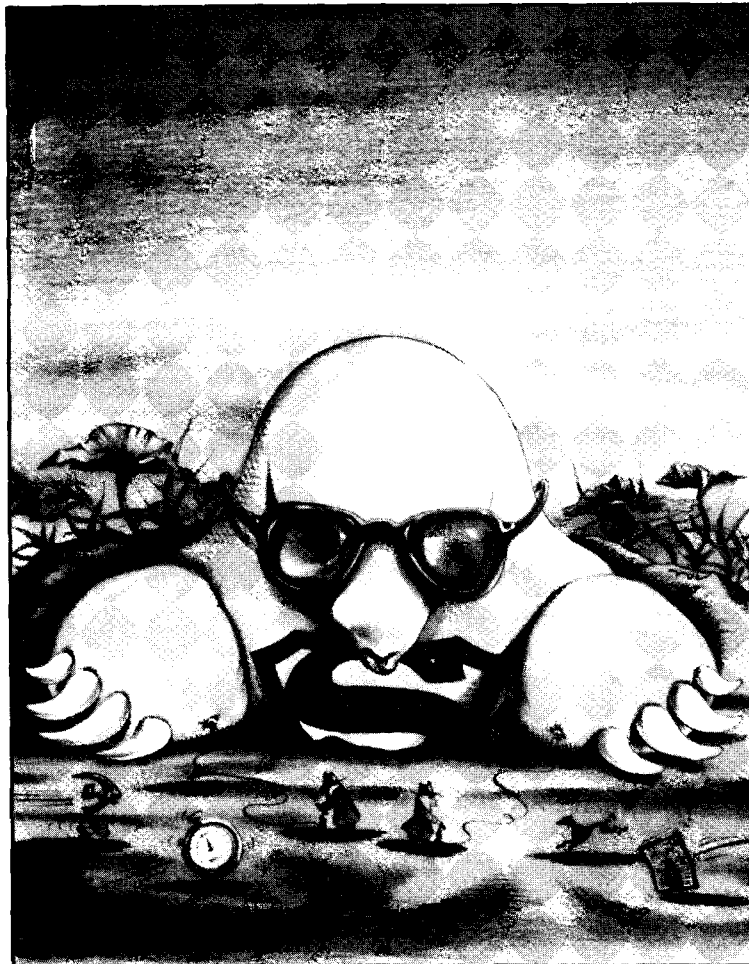
"There is no real evidence that whatever valuable information supplied came before rather than after his defection." But several people in positions of knowledge, including Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan and Admiral Stansfield Turner, have refuted that allegation,

chenko now also agrees that he could not have considered approaching John Scali about his defection in late 1975, because by then Scali had been replaced as U.N. ambassador by Moynihan, but that he thought about revealing himself to Scali early in 1975, and not as he had written.

What Epstein omits is equally instructive as to his line of attack. He disregards Moynihan's published and broadcast support of Shevchenko. When

asked on "60 Minutes" of his evaluation of Shevchenko, Moynihan said: "For the first time we got an understanding of how Soviet foreign policy is made and how it is operating." Your readers are free to choose the more reliable authority. . . .

It is only fair to ask what Epstein is trying to prove. That the CIA wrote *Breaking with Moscow*? (The agency officers are portrayed as manipulative and sometimes insensitive.) That the book is a piece of CIA disinformation? (The hawks in this administration might not appreciate Shevchenko's conclusion that we must continue "to seek reasonable and practical accommodation" with the Soviets.) That Shevchenko was not a CIA informant for more than two years? (Various American officials whom Epstein apparently didn't interview have attested to Shevchenko's bona fides.) Or is Epstein trying



DRAWING BY MICHAEL C. WITTE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

and the CIA has issued a statement that Shevchenko "provided invaluable intelligence to the United States government."

Of Epstein's many charges we have been able to find only two with any validity, both minor confusions in chronology. He is correct that the dinner meeting between Shevchenko, Boris Solomatin, and Georgy Arbatov could not have occurred in 1976, but Shevchenko told me after reading the Epstein article that it did take place in 1975, at a time when Arbatov was certainly pondering the 1976 elections, especially given the political fallout after Watergate. Shev-

to connect Shevchenko to his favorite espionage subjects, Yuri Nosenko, Fedora, and Top Hat, all of whom manage their way into his article, and all of whom will presumably people his own book on disinformation that he is writing for Simon and Schuster?

However much Epstein has tried to damage Shevchenko, he has not made a case. *Breaking with Moscow* stands as an extraordinary memoir, and it will survive Edward Jay Epstein's bizarre fulminations.

ASHBEL GREEN
Editor-in-chief, Alfred A. Knopf

To the editors:

In response to the article by Edward Jay Epstein, I find it interesting that he didn't go to any people who were involved with Mr. Shevchenko at the time he was a double agent. One of these people was Stansfield Turner, former director of the CIA. Another was a deep-cover CIA agent who participated in the Shevchenko operation in New York. A third was Senator Daniel Moynihan, who was briefed by the agency about the entire Shevchenko matter while he was still a member of the intelligence committee. All verified to us the extent and value of Shevchenko's service.

An additional note: One month after doing the "60 Minutes" report on Shevchenko, we profiled President Jimmy Carter. In an off-camera discussion the former president verified and confirmed to us the immeasurable value Shevchenko provided American intelligence.

IRA ROSEN
Producer, "60 Minutes"

Edward Jay Epstein replies:

There are few, if any, precedents for the CIA identifying one of its own alleged agents in a semi-anonymous telephone tip to the media. The Shevchenko affair, however, is hardly settled by this extraordinary phone call. What the CIA avoided saying, even when later pressed, was whether Shevchenko provided "invaluable information" before or after his defection. If before, he was a spy. If after, he was a consultant.

There's no doubt Shevchenko had contacts with American intelligence before his defection, as I stated in my review. Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan fixes the date of his initial feeler as December 5, 1975. That doesn't make him an American spy. There were regular contacts with other Soviet diplomats, such as "Fedora" and "Top Hat," who the FBI later decided were dangling disinformation. This is one of the regular occupations of Soviet diplomats at the U.N.

Admiral Stansfield Turner, who was director of central intelligence at the time of Shevchenko's defection, also claims that he furnished "valuable intelligence"—though without specifying when. In his own recent memoir, *Secrecy and Democracy*, Turner makes only a single reference to Shevchenko, in which he gets the first name of this alleged CIA masterspy wrong ("Andrei" instead of Arkady), misspells his sur-

name, and misidentifies his position at the U.N. ("number two man in the Soviet Mission," rather than under secretary general). The only thing Turner claims to have learned from Shevchenko, even after he had defected, was that "even senior Soviet diplomats hesitate to report frankly." While this may have been considered "valuable intelligence," it is not the secrets, coded messages, and missile negotiating positions that Shevchenko claims to have provided.

The CIA's denial that it wrote the book—an allegation I never made—artfully evades the real issue: Did the CIA foist the Shevchenko-supermole story on the American public in order to improve its image? To begin with, the CIA was not an uninterested party. Unlike most other spy books by Soviet defectors that reveal KGB operations, *Breaking with Moscow* divulges what purports to be a major CIA espionage success against the Soviet Union. Every act of espionage involves a double secret. The first part is the stolen information. The second part is the fact that the information has been stolen. The second secret is crucial because once an enemy finds out that it has been the victim of espionage, it can remedy the situation or even turn it to advantage. That is why spies photocopy or memorize documents, rather than remove them. Even years after the fact, spies cannot reveal operations without jeopardizing intelligence services' prized sources and methods.

If Shevchenko published the story of his alleged spying without the express authorization of the CIA, and if it was not fictional, he would be in blatant breach of American laws designed to protect intelligence secrets. And the CIA would hardly endorse such a leak. (The only other book that reveals a major CIA espionage operation, *The Penkovskiy Papers*, published by Doubleday in 1965, was concocted by the CIA's covert action division, as the CIA itself revealed to the Church Committee.)

Shevchenko, who got paid \$60,000 a year as a consultant by the U.S. government after his defection, was well aware of these restrictions. Indeed, if his arrangement was the same as previous defector-consultants, he had a secrecy obligation that specified: "Your relationship with the Central Intelligence Agency and this contract must be kept secret and you may not discuss

any aspect of this relationship with any person other than the authorized government representative or such other persons as he may specifically approve." In the course of a 1981 lawsuit against his previous publisher, Simon and Schuster, Shevchenko stated under oath that he was not at liberty to discuss any relations he had with U.S. intelligence. His subsequent decision to publish his alleged adventures with the CIA must therefore have been authorized.

We also know that the CIA played more than a passive role in promoting the Shevchenko story. In 1979 a Soviet defector named Stanislav Levchenko, who was in the custody of the CIA after being flown in from Tokyo, told the story of Shevchenko as a supermole to *Reader's Digest* editor John Barron. Barron, in a letter to *The New Republic*, protested that he did not know then or now that Levchenko was under CIA control. Though I have no reason to doubt his sincerity, the fact remains that Levchenko did deliver CIA secrets to Barron (including the identity and recruitment of three CIA clandestine agents) when he was under CIA parole. This means that Levchenko could have been arbitrarily deported, without any redress, if he made a wrong move, or otherwise displeased the CIA. He then very possibly might have faced a Soviet firing squad. In these circumstances, Levchenko delivered the Shevchenko story to Barron for publication and (as Barron acknowledges) reviewed the subsequent *Reader's Digest* story for accuracy before it was published. It is inconceivable that Levchenko would gratuitously violate his parole and divulge CIA secrets to Barron, who was a total stranger to him, unless he had done so at the behest of the CIA. As in other such cases, Levchenko presumably had a "brief" from the CIA specifying exactly what he could say to Barron about Shevchenko. If so, the CIA planted the spy story.

The CIA involvement with the Shevchenko story apparently continued up until its publication. Ira Rosen, the "60 Minutes" producer, asserts that "a deep-cover CIA agent," who purportedly was involved with Shevchenko while he was at the U.N., verified Shevchenko's espionage story. Since CIA deep-cover agents do not (by definition) ordinarily blow their own cover and reveal secret CIA espionage activities just to help hype a book, this alleged agent pre-

sumably told "60 Minutes" whatever it was he told them at the behest of the CIA.

That the CIA went to considerable length to release, plant, and hype this spy story does not, of course, mean that it isn't true. The release of espionage cases does, however, raise a perverse accuracy problem. Admiral Turner, who saw an urgent need to enhance public and congressional support of the CIA under his stewardship, discusses the dilemma in his book: "Clearly it is impossible for the CIA to attempt to raise public confidence by revealing very much about how successful spies are." The alternative would be pseudo-spy stories, which brings us to Ashbel Green's letter and Shevchenko's press conference.

FOR A MONTH after my article appeared, Shevchenko was not to be found. Ashbel Green told reporters on June 28 that Shevchenko was "out of the country" and "unreachable." Shevchenko's lawyer told journalists the same thing. Actually, on June 28 Shevchenko was at his home at 4941 Tilden Avenue Northwest in Washington, D.C. On that day he wrote a check for \$16,850.62 to Simon and Schuster (partial repayment of an advance they'd paid him), and sent it by Express Mail. I have a copy of the signed and dated Express Mail receipt. When he suddenly surfaced at the July 31 press conference, Shevchenko conceded that he had not been out of the country when his spokesmen said he was.

At that press conference, Shevchenko accused me of "terroristic journalism." He called my allegations "ridiculous," asserted that "he didn't read my book," and implied that I was working in cahoots with the Soviet Union to undermine him. He asserted that if his book is a fraud, "then two presidents of the United States are frauds, both Carter and Reagan, who knew about my story." (Neither Carter nor Reagan has verified Shevchenko's story. Reagan, of course, was a private citizen and resident of California at the time of Shevchenko's alleged spying career.)

However, neither Shevchenko nor Ashbel Green, in his only slightly more subdued letter, has disproved any of my specific examples of fabrication. In fact, Shevchenko conceded several key falsehoods. ("In some places, I was a little bit mistaken.")

The most important admission of

falsehood (which Green cavalierly dismisses as a "minor confusion in chronology") concerns Shevchenko's purported meeting with Boris Solomatin, the Soviet deputy minister at the U.N., and Georgy Arbatov, the noted Soviet Americanist, in 1976. This meeting, which he describes in great detail, is important because it is the culmination of a year of alleged spying. Shevchenko describes a session with his FBI case officer ("Grogan") and his CIA case officer ("Johnson") just before the meeting, in which they tell him what they'd like him to find out. He positively dates the meeting by writing: "Soon after I described that evening to Johnson, a new *rezident* came to New York to replace Boris Solomatin . . . Drozdov."

The problem, as I pointed out in my article, is that Drozdov replaced Solomatin on July 22, 1975. That means that this entire conversation with Solomatin, set in 1976, and containing verbatim quotes about the imminent American election, could not have taken place as described. Shevchenko now admits he was in error about the date, and claims the meeting occurred in 1975, before Solomatin's departure. Back-dating the meeting, however, compounds rather than solves the contradiction. For if the meeting occurred in 1975, when Solomatin was still in his post, then it occurred before the earliest date anyone claims Shevchenko made his initial contact with American intelligence. Senator Moynihan, who undoubtedly verified the date with the Senate intelligence committee, established that Shevchenko was not a spy until six months after Solomatin left his post. Yet Shevchenko claims that he met with the FBI and CIA in a CIA-supplied "safe house" (a room at the Waldorf-Astoria) before the meeting with Solomatin, and reported the meeting afterward to his CIA contact. The entire intelligence context to this alleged meeting therefore must be a fabrication. So must the entire part of Shevchenko's espionage career that he describes as having occurred before this climactic meeting.

The *New York Times* article of July 1 that Ashbel Green describes as having "effectively demolished several of Epstein's charges" does nothing of the sort. To be sure, Ray Cline, who is identified as "former deputy CIA director" is quoted by the *Times* as saying that Shevchenko's story is "substantially truthful." Actually Cline was deputy director

for intelligence in 1962, when he was responsible for nonclandestine intelligence, not espionage. Since he retired from the CIA in 1969, and had absolutely no connection with the Shevchenko case, he subsequently modified his authentication, explaining to the *Times* that he only intended to endorse Shevchenko's general view of the Soviet Union described in the book. As for Shevchenko's putative espionage career, "I don't have a firm view about whether or not he spied—that was all well after my time."

The *Times* story also challenges my assertion that a vivid car chase scene Shevchenko describes in the book could not have happened. Shevchenko claims that he got a ticket from a Nassau County policeman while speeding to his first rendezvous with the CIA in 1975. But New York State motor vehicle records show that Shevchenko did not get a driver's license until October 1977, and that there was no previous license. The *Times*, acknowledging that it also found no record of Shevchenko's having a license before October 1977, suggested the imaginative theory that he may have had an earlier license, the record of which was expunged before he applied for a new one in 1977. But New York State law requires that driver's license records be maintained for at least two years after the license expires. In addition, the policy of the motor vehicle bureau is not to remove a license from its computer for at least two renewal periods, or eight years. If Shevchenko had a valid license in December 1975 (when he says he got the ticket), the earliest it could have expired would be his next birthday, October 1976, and this record could not possibly have been expunged before Shevchenko applied for a new license in October 1977. In any event, there is no record of any speeding ticket.

In his new career as a professional raconteur, Shevchenko told the American Bar Association in 1980 that in his prior career as a Soviet official he helped to prepare fraudulent books and articles for what he termed the KGB "disinformation apparatus." There is no reason to assume he altered his standards of truthfulness just because he defected. He has now admitted fabricating crucial incidents in *Breaking with Moscow*, and has failed to disprove any of the other charges of fabrication. Why believe anything he writes without some independent substantiation? □

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

Tales of Two Cities

Wayne Wang was born in Hong Kong in 1949, came to the U.S. in 1967 to study painting, and eventually took a degree in film. After the predictable struggles, both here and back in Hong Kong, after much TV work, he got two American grants totaling \$25,000 and made his first feature, *Chan Is Missing*, in 1982. It was a black-and-white come-

Dim Sum
(Orion Classics)

Tosca's Kiss
(Italtoons)

dy mystery set in San Francisco's Chinatown, a pleasant film though overrated. Now Wang has made a feature in color—good color, shot by Michael Chin—set in and near the same Chinatown and called *Dim Sum*. The title is too cute and is irrelevant, even though those appetizers are made and eaten in the film, but in technique and intent the second feature is a far advance over the first.

Wang's great asset is his people. He not only knows Chinese-Americans, he knows the performers to represent them winningly. The screenplay by Terrel Seltzer is about as banal as possible: a young woman is trapped by filial devotion into caring for her ailing mother so that she can't marry and move away with the man she loves; but all the actors provide flavors that make them interesting even when they are arguing or reconciling at the most superficial level of international domestic drama. Laureen Chew, the daughter, Kim Chew, her mother, and Victor Wong, as the brother of the deceased head of the family, are engaging human beings, able to suggest matters more profound than anything they are given to say or do.

What burdens the film more heavily than the script is that Wang has chosen a lofty model, the Japanese master Yasujiro Ozu. (Even if it weren't otherwise patent, there's an overt reference

to Ozu in the script.) Wang falls naively into an old snare: out of admiration he imitates style, and thinks that he thus achieves both the style and the substance of which the style is only a part. One antecedent: for a few years after Antonioni's first impact, some young filmmakers thought that if they made pictures that moved slowly, they were making Antonioni films. Here Wang apparently believes that if he shows shots of empty rooms and of bustling streets in between the script's scenes of action, he is reaching Ozu dimensions. He even shows us shots of shoes, like the shoes outside the hotel door in *Tokyo Story*, along with a shot of a seated man and woman facing the sea as in that film. What is missing is any iota of what Ozu creates in those "empty" shots, the conviction that the world in which his characters live is a leading character in their drama. The empty rooms and the bustling streets become just an artsy way to deal with the old chore of filmmaking, the time lapse.

If Wang had done his film without grandiose overlay, it wouldn't have been any deeper, but the method would have been less of a handicap to his actors. In Ozu, we are made to feel that the actors understand and are part of the whole film; no such intimation here. This is soap opera, split up with stasis. Wang knows the subtleties and complexities of Chinese-American life. Perhaps next time he'll address them without pretense.

Giuseppe Verdi, as has increasingly been acknowledged in recent decades, is a giant in art. What is possibly less known is that he was a giant of a man, exemplary in virtually every way. One example, small in the scale of his life but large in itself, is the Casa di Riposo per Musicisti in Milan. In 1896 Verdi subsidized, entirely on his own, the building of a home for indigent musicians and, as architect, he selected Camillo Boito, brother of Arrigo Boito,

the librettist of *Otello* and *Falstaff*. The last sentence of Verdi's holograph will expresses "the strong desire" to be buried with his wife in the chapel of that home. That indeed is where they are, resting among musicians.

In 1978 I visited the building but was permitted only to wander around the ground floor, including the chapel. In 1984 a Swiss filmmaker named Daniel Schmid got the run of the building to make a documentary about the place and its residents, most of whom are former opera singers very advanced in age. It was photographed in 16mm color by Renato Berta, Alain Tanner's colleague, and blown up to 35mm (it's a bit grainy). The title is *Tosca's Kiss*, which was selected because Tosca is the one major character in opera who is herself an opera singer and because her "kiss," given to Scarpia in Act Two, is a fatal stab. Death threatens the Verdi home: he bequeathed the place most of his money and the future royalties of his operas, but the money has long since gone and the operas are now in public domain. The Casa di Riposo needs help.

That would be reason enough to draw attention to the home. But Schmid does more. His film (shown at the Film Forum in New York) explores with great sympathy and almost as much

FILMS WORTH SEEING

The Home and the World. East Bengal, 1907. Tagore's novel of interlocked changes in marriage and society, gently filmed by Satyajit Ray. (Reviewed 7/8/85)

The Shooting Party. Excellent acting, dialogue, production, almost compensate for the pat symbolism of coming disaster. England, 1913. James Mason's farewell. (6/17/85)

Streetwise. This documentary, about young street people in Seattle, treats them with a cinematic skill that enhances the makers' compassion. (5/13/85)

Wetherby. Written and directed by David Hare, stars Vanessa Redgrave. Highly intelligent moral drama. Ultimately unsatisfying but at the same level as minor Bergman. (8/12&19/85)

SK

tact the lives, today and past, of the people who live there. (Or, one must add, who were there a year ago.) One of them was a considerable diva, Sara Scuderi; several of them were leading singers at various houses throughout Europe; some were stalwarts in the ranks. One woman boasts of her 50 years as a chorister; the chorus is the foundation of opera, she insists.

They sing from time to time, as invited by Schmid, solo or ensemble or chorus. Some of them still have power; some of them now sing less with voice than with knowledge of singing. They chat and tease together. They know all the old opera-house jokes. (When a singer holds a note too long, another says to him, "Turn out the lights when you leave.") Inevitably there's a scene where Scuderi enters a room when a recording of hers is being played, and the very old woman sits listening almost amusedly, joining in when she can.

As we see these people, they show some vanities and jealousies, but self-pity doesn't exist. They joke about their infirmities more than they complain,

and almost all of them are proud of having retired in time, before their voices declined. (So also says the world-famous Giulietta Simionato, an officer of the institute's foundation, who visits briefly.)

A few of the sequences go past the borders of affection and sentiment. I could have done without a sequence in which a long-retired baritone opens his costume trunk in the basement and gives us snatches of his roles; or a sequence in which an old composer sits at piano and harmonium and improvises a piece. He says he has improvised and recorded a thousand pieces. On the basis of this one, he could have done two thousand.

Beneath the pathos, even the occasional discomfort that we feel, something extraordinary resides. Opera—their opera—is the only locus in our cultural world where the 19th-century theater exists, not merely survives but has great power. These men and women, veterans of that theater, know that power and still believe in it. In their senescence, they glow with that belief.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN ON THEATER

Strindberg to the Life

There has been a recent surge of scholarly interest in the Swedish dramatist August Strindberg, without any particular enhancement of his public reputation. Strindberg has small appeal in an era of normalcy. He belongs to a more irrational age than our own—to people in the grip of tumultuous love affairs, psychic breakdowns, romantic literary movements, radical social currents, ecstatic religious sects. Apart from the odd revival, he is rarely performed on our stages, and while students dutifully read his plays in modern drama courses, they really don't like him.

I don't think Michael Meyer likes him much either. His *Strindberg: A Biography* (Random House, 651 pp., \$24.95) is thorough and rigorous, based on painstaking research of primary sources including many unpublished letters. But while it fills many lacunae in the dramatist's life, the biography is not terribly sympathetic to its subject. True, Strindberg can certainly be repellent at times,

and his accumulated fits, hysterics, re-criminations, rages, prejudices, hatreds, and paranoid panics—not to mention his ferocious love-hatred of women—are pretty trying in large doses. Still, Meyer's temperament is more attuned to the comparatively sensible radicalism of Ibsen (the subject of a previous three-volume biography) than to the wild-eyed fanaticism of his current subject. He is forever chastising Strindberg for diffusing his energies in extraliterary pursuits instead of writing plays. He patronizes his occult studies, rationalizes his supernaturalism, and shows no real understanding of his excursions into hallucination and dream.

What is more, out of scholarly infatuation with primary sources, he scants the work of those who have investigated this important side of the playwright's temperament, and entirely ignores the major critical studies. Evert Sprinchorn's *Strindberg as Dramatist* and Harry G. Carlson's *Strindberg and*

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the *Poetry of Myth* are acknowledged in his select bibliography, but there is no mention in the text of Sprinchorn's explorations into Strindberg's unconscious or Carlson's insights into his mythopoeia, while Elizabeth Sprigge's sketchy, gossipy, inaccurate, but fascinating pioneer biography, *The Strange Life of August Strindberg*, is not even listed. It is Meyer's habitual method to correct Strindberg's feverish and hysterical interpretation of the events in his life with the authentic facts, as if every time Strindberg starts raving in the next room we have to be reminded of soundness and sanity. Since in order to get inside this demented genius it is sometimes necessary to be as mad as he, Meyer's orderly *Strindberg* emerges as a respectable study of a disreputable artist, with no arresting insights into either the man or his work.

STILL, however juiceless and flavorless, this is the most factually complete account of Strindberg's life we are likely to get, indeed a treasure house of priceless material for future commentators. Everything is there: his three miserable marriages to successively younger women, with a fourth—to 17-year-old Fanny Falkner (when Strindberg was already in his 60s!)—prevented only by the girl's instinct for survival; his scurrilous assaults on women and marriage, which exposed him to lawsuits in various countries; his growing hatred of Ibsen (that "decrepit old troll"), who nevertheless remained fascinated with his rival's "violent strength"; his sojourn in Berlin and Paris where he communed with Gauguin, Edvard Munch, Pyzybyzewski, and other Bohemians; his bizarre correspondence with Friedrich Nietzsche, both of them cooking with lunatic gas until the philosopher signed off as "Nietzsche Caesar" and "The Crucified One"; his long exile from Sweden, culminating in the *Inferno* period, when Strindberg imagined he was being pursued by imaginary enemies and electrocuted by regiments of monstrous witches; his "scientific" experiments proving that the earth is flat, that the elements are divisible, that plants have nerves; his extraordinarily prolific output of plays, autobiographies, treatises, poems, scientific studies, paintings, histories, most of which were met with contempt or indifference throughout his life; his founding with August Falck of the Intimate Theater, to produce plays "de-

signed for an impatient age: searching but short"; his quarrels with the Swedish Academy over its failure to award Nobel Prizes to worthy recipients such as Tolstoy (or Strindberg); his receipt of an "Anti-Nobel" prize just before he died; his pathetic old age, during which he never stopped working, and his painful death from stomach cancer.

IT IS a life without peace or serenity, restless and embattled, driven by motors of mad energy. Meyer resists interpreting the events of this life. The little speculation he offers (absinthe poisoning as the cause for his *Inferno* psychosis; ulcers for the pains Strindberg himself diagnosed as stomach cancer) is unconvincing. But there are plenty of details for less reticent analysts. The suspicion, for example, that Strindberg's misogyny was linked to his uncertain masculinity finds ample confirmation in Meyer's research. Consider Strindberg's imagery when describing the influence of Nietzsche: "My spiritual uterus has found a tremendous fertiliser in Friedrich Nietzsche, so that I feel distended like a bitch in heat. He is the man for me!" Speaking of his attraction to the Norwegian writer Bjørnson, he writes, "This is the man I have sought for so long; mostly, perhaps, because I am so unmasculine myself." Looking for reasons for his first wife's alleged infidelities, he suspects his penis might be too small. ("Irritated to the roots of my testicles, I visited Geneva and took a doctor with me to a brothel. . . . I had my semen investigated which proved fertile, and was measured at full cock.") He dreams of his third wife with no breasts, then as a boy, and later charges her with undermining his manhood. ("The day after the wedding you declared that I was not a man.") He develops a theory that women serve only as a bird's nest for men's eggs, and that under certain circumstances men can give birth to children. The evidence accumulates that Strindberg's antifeminism is closely linked to a genuine sexual insecurity, a weak masculine identity, and that only when he was willing to acknowledge the female qualities of his own nature was he able to control his illness, create sympathetic women characters, experiment with the unconscious, and accept the authority of what he called the "Higher Powers."

Until then, however, he was quite brutal to the other sex, and not only

in his writings. He assaulted Siri von Essen, woke from his sleep to throttle Frida Uhl, and possessed Harriet Bosse twice on their wedding night despite the fact that she pleaded a ruptured uterus. His savage battles with his women, not to mention his competitiveness toward rival authors, are highly reminiscent of Norman Mailer, who seems to share so many other Strindbergian qualities—his excremental vision, combativeness, occultism, diffused creative energy, Romantic excess, writing facility, addiction to drink and drugs, possession by demons, multiple marriages—that he almost seems a contemporary doppelgänger.

Strindberg's paranoia is also Maileresque, and contrary to the common assumption that he finally achieved calm and serenity in his older age, Meyer's book shows he never laid his demons to rest. In later years, after reading Swedenborg, he was able to regard his sense of persecution as a sign of grace, but before this it was a painful affliction, which seriously affected his relationships. To a friend who never wished him anything but good, he wrote:

I sense something in your personality which oppresses me and threatens to make me sick. I also feel something menacing in your manner of behavior, a desire, possibly with good intent, to interfere with my destiny. . . . I beg you: do not seek me before I seek you.

He interprets signs in nature—such as a gull sitting on his windowsill—as indications that people are out to trap him. Pianos playing in the next room, people hammering nails, all are tokens of conspiracies. "If a man," he wrote,

is actually persecuted so that everything he does is torn to shreds, mocked, smeared with filth; if he is persecuted with lawsuits, threats of imprisonment, false accusations of anarchism, hunted from country to country; threatened with the madhouse, hounded by debts, harassed in public places; and when enemies turn up at the hotel where he lives and warn the landlord, etc.; if this man, who is persecuted, gets the idea that he is persecuted, then this is no illusion or mania.

Which is Strindberg's way of saying that even paranoids can feel persecuted.

A harmless outgrowth of this persecution complex was a sense of clairvoyance, which later informed his writing and influenced his life. Some of the most remarkable passages in the book

are quotations from Strindberg's journals after his divorce from Harriet Bosse, when he imagined she was visiting him sexually in waking dreams. But there is also a malignant side, which Meyer, I believe, is the first to have uncovered in Strindberg—his virulent anti-Semitism. Strindberg's suspicious hatred of Jews—many of whom (like the Brandes brothers and his publisher Albert Bonnier) were well-wishers and supporters—was not that lofty sniffing associated with such class-conscious literary figures as T. S. Eliot or Wyndham Lewis. It was savage and snarling, redolent of Julius Streicher. In a typical letter, he writes: "If you only knew what a net the Jews have spun around the whole of Europe. . . . Remember: a Jew never forgives! He will not kill you, but he will take your job." In an effort to deny his prejudice, he gets even more vicious: "I am regarded as an anti-Semite. . . ." he writes to Edvard Brandes.

I do not hate the Jews, only *our* servile, medal-greedy, despotic, oppressive Jews who with all the power of their wealth (they have found it easy to cheat the stupid Swedes of their money) work, in their ruthless way, to support the reaction against us.

(Brandes replied: "You speak of the hatred under which you shrink; that is just what every Jew who is not willing to abase himself before the Cross meets every day of his life. . . . That is exactly what every little Jewish boy or girl has to suffer, year in, year out, as my own two little girls will find.") Naturally, Strindberg was convinced of Dreyfus's guilt (partly so that Zola's star would fall and people would be more responsive to mysticism), and when Dreyfus was finally released, he noted the event furiously in his diary, declaring that documents had been falsified. Inevitably, he hated black people as well. ("To squander, to pinch, to pilfer, to be disloyal and show one's eyeteeth . . . that is nigger! Black man is bad man! Vanity without ambition!")

These are not just the ravings of a lunatic, but the opinions of a brilliant dramatic artist, and as such are bound to color future impressions of Strindberg's work. They are prejudices not unrelated to his prejudice against women—strong illustrations, were any still needed, of how bigotry is seeded by paranoia. The compulsion to find an external source for your own suffering leads to the need to identify the Other as Ene-



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my, especially if he is weak or defenseless. Not until the end of his life was Strindberg ever sufficiently large enough, as man or artist, to concede his suffering might be self-induced.

Still, it is by his fiery, incendiary work that Strindberg will be remembered, however modified our impressions are by these depressing discoveries, and it is in his work that he remains powerful and profound. Sounder men, alas, have created less penetrating art, and rationality has never been a criterion for inspiration. Meyer's distaste for his subject is understandable, but, however he denies it, it influences his attitude toward the plays, and blocks his understanding of their supernatural rhythms. Meyer is an Englishman, and although Strindberg found some champions among the Irish (Shaw, Yeats, O'Casey), the English have never regarded him very highly. Their social sanity recoils before his psychological frenzy; their rational view of life is offended by his passion for the occult.

Acknowledging this, Meyer concludes

by quoting John Mortimer's observation that Strindberg was the first dramatist not to have presented himself as "the reasonable man of moderation, the sort of character of sterling common sense that his audience was flattered into believing it also represented." I'm not sure he was the first. What about Büchner and Kleist? But Mortimer finds him unique for his impact on the "irrational" characters of Osborne and Pinter, as if anger and absurdity were his most influential qualities. Perhaps so, but there is a deeper Strindberg available than is celebrated in the Anglo-Saxon world—demented, daring, dangerous—a Strindberg who composed his own biography in every line he wrote. "My whole life seems to me to have been planned like a play," he said, "so that I might both suffer and depict suffering." Meyer's study is valuable, but I'm glad Strindberg's own long autobiography is still accessible to us as well—the ultimate record of his suffering and the suffering he imposed on others.

Desperately Seeking Susan, and recently she's been on display, nude, in *Penthouse* and *Playboy*. Her popularity transcends the labels and factions that currently partition the adolescent rock scene, and it is just conceivable that she is on her way to becoming a latter-day Elvis—the central icon of mid-1980s teen popular culture.

IT'S OFTEN a mistake to overintellectualize the psychological or cultural significance of popular rock entertainers. Madonna is a talented, sexy performer. Her concert is at once a scrupulously professional, Vegas-style show complete with well-timed entrances, choreography, costume changes, and special effects, and a spontaneous explosion of high-energy abandon. To say much more than this risks translating her appeal from the vernacular to the arcane, from the level of her fans' felt experience to the sterile platitudes of the tweedy, academic social critic. It is tempting for bewildered adults to want to "explain" the latest teen fad and thereby to impose a veneer of reassuring adult order onto the dark poetry of adolescence.

Still, a considerable amount of Madonna's appeal, captured beautifully in the ironic "dirty Madonna" photo, is that she (or her managers) has carefully constructed an intriguingly enigmatic image. With studied care, her blond hair and porcelain-white skin is contrasted with black dirt, her rosary juxtaposed to her red lips and matching cat-house dress. In fact, one of her accomplishments is that, at least until recently, she has nearly reversed the typical pattern of rock idol analysis. The *Rolling Stone*-type critics have summarily dismissed her as top-40 schlock. This time it is the kids, whether in record stores or waiting in line to get into her concerts, who are engaged in a running debate over what she and her music stand for—what they mean. A fair measure of the seriousness of this debate is that it goes well beyond mere words to the very appearance and demeanor of her fans. For instance, the girls who have turned Madonna's concerts into Madonna look-alike costume parties wear their theories, as it were, on their backs. Some of them look like innocent bobby-soxers, some look like underage streetwalkers, but most look like an uneasy combination of the two.

Most of the rock stars who have captured the public's imagination since the

How Madonna straddles innocence and decadence.

VIRGIN TERRITORY

BY JOEL D. SCHWARTZ

THE PREDOMINANTLY female 13- and 14-year-olds who flocked to Madonna's "Virgin Tour" rock concerts went home loaded down with overpriced T-shirts, posters, and promomagazines, all, of course, featuring their enigmatic, punked-out heroine. The most striking photograph in the 18-page, seven-dollar magazine shows the star lying on her stomach and looking back over her shoulder at the camera with a mysterious, sultry sneer. Her bleached hair is moussed to the max, and her red lips are painted to match the skimpy lace dress that might have been purchased at a remainder sale in the underwear department at K Mart. A rosary bearing an enormous, gaudy crucifix is draped conspicuously over

her shoulder. And she is lying in the dirt. In fact, her face and back are covered with dirt. All in all, a fetching pose—a kind of cross between a tacky pinup for a fertilizer company calendar and a photo for a *True Detective* magazine article about a nun who was mugged by a motorcycle gang while gardening one morning in her Frederick's of Hollywood nightgown.

Madonna, as everyone who hasn't spent the last year in a coma knows, is the latest rock phenomenon. Her first album, *Madonna*, achieved double-platinum status, and her second album, *Like a Virgin*, whose title cut remained stationed on top of the Billboard charts for seven weeks, will certainly far exceed that accomplishment. At present she is selling discs at the nearly unbelievable rate of 75,000 per day. In addition to records and videos, she has made a successful full-length movie,

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1950s have been social critics. While the most conspicuous of this criticism came in the political protest songs of the 1960s and early 1970s, by far the bulk of it, following established American patterns, has been much more personal in character. This personal or spiritual critique, in turn, has taken at least two forms. To one camp, a competitive, impersonal America is contrasted to a utopia of pastoral innocence characterized by puppy love and a triumph of virtue over crass materialism, of simple honesty and fidelity over hypocrisy and deception. This theme was introduced, often with substantial authenticity, by countless male and female balladeers in the 1950s, and it was continued, and often driven into the saccharine ground, by many folk groups in the 1960s and 1970s.

To the other camp, the same America—the same enemy—is contrasted to what only can be called a utopia of the libido, where boys can be boys, girls can be girls, and hormones can be hormones. From Little Richard (who had to censor his lyrics for popular consumption) to the Beastie Boys (Madonna's warm-up band), the theme has been not lost innocence, but sex, drugs, and rock 'n' roll. The choice many felt compelled to make a generation ago between the Beatles ("I wanna hold your hand") or the Rolling Stones ("I can't get no satisfaction") was drawn largely along these lines. What is the "real" human being buried beneath the artificial concrete of modern society? Is it a prelapsarian Adam in the Garden or a jungle animal grunting after its mate?

Madonna's talent is to join this debate without tipping her hand. Some of her songs sound like remakes of sweet-sixteen Connie Francis tunes dripping with old-fashioned, hand-holding romance. "It's so brand new; I'm crazy for you." This is the "Madonna" side of Madonna. The name fits the image so

well that if she hadn't actually been christened with it (Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone) she'd have had to adopt it as her stage name anyway. But she is also well known for hard-driving dance music, the kind with the senseless, non sequitur lyrics and stirring rhythms that has proved to be so popular with the disco audience. It is this music that fits well with the image of almost vulgar sexuality that she often cultivates, and with her penchant for blurring

squeals and raunchy dances would imply? Or is it genuine? To finish the picture, she wears a white wedding gown for the number; but never before has a wedding dress looked more like a sleazy go-go outfit. Neither Debbie Boone nor Tina Turner could perform this song, because it works only for a performer who is an amalgam of the two.

Madonna's fans debate the meaning of "Material Girl" along similar lines. In this song, her straightforward message

is that "we are living in a material world, and I am a material girl." Some boys offer their love and devotion, but she's only interested in the boys with the "cold hard cash." The fascinating point is that to about half of her devotees the surface reading of these lyrics is the accurate one. After all, Madonna can project the image of a no-nonsense, self-confident realist who knows what she wants and gets what she's after. But the other half sees the song as a satire, ridiculing materialism and exposing its shallowness.

So what will it be: cash and a good time at the disco, or romance and slow-dancing by the fireplace? Once again, it is in performance that the problem truly hits home. She prances around collecting cash, necklaces, and furs from various male suitors, and in the end she breaks from the re-

corded lyrics and proclaims, "No, it's only love that matters to me," and proceeds to strip off the jewelry and furs and to throw the money into the audience. With this new conclusion to the song, it appears that finally we know where she stands. She is playfully denouncing materialism—literally throwing it into the audience's face. Right? Well, not so fast. This, it develops, is only a false climax; she quickly returns to the stage to reclaim her cast-off furs. The enigma is restored.

The contradictions in the "dirty Madonna" photo exist, then, between



MADONNA BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

the distinction between clothes and underwear.

The irony is perhaps most perfected in "Like a Virgin" and "Material Girl," her two best-known songs. On the one hand, "Virgin" is about a girl who has evidently been around the block a few times and is about to make yet another circuit. On the other hand, the song's theme is that now with "true" love, she feels pure again, "like a virgin, touched for the very first time." On the concert stage the tension is unmistakable. Is the message of recovered purity and chastity just a kinky put-on, as her lurid

her songs and within her songs, between the lyrics and the costumes, between the lyrics and the choreography. Inevitably, her concert becomes something of a game in which the audience is challenged to spot the double meaning in virtually every sentence and gesture. The phrase "I'll get down on my knees for you" has done long service in the pastoral-innocence genre as a statement of pure love and virtuous devotion. To a "Madonna" raised in a devoutly Catholic family in Bay City, Michigan, the words must resonate with images of prayer. But as she vamps the words and slithers to her knees before the gyrating hips of her male dance partners, an altogether different meaning also suggests itself.

EVERYONE seems to agree that there is something puzzling and inscrutable about Madonna, and it is this quality that goes a long way toward explaining her cult appeal. My suggestion is that much of this is owed to an ironic dialogue that she half-consciously creates between two visions of human potential that are deeply rooted in American popular culture. What is the "real" American self struggling for survival in contemporary society? Is it Pat Boone or Little Richard? Karen Carpenter or Janis Joplin?

One unmistakable message that is transmitted to the audience is that there is an intense and necessary complicity between these two utopian visions. Virtue would soon lose its pristine luster if there were no vice to overcome, and the libido would quickly lose its prurient appeal if there were no rigid moral code to defy. The saint and the sinner nourish one another. Promiscuity may have become a commonplace in the modern world, but sex with a chaste "Madonna," with a "virgin"—that's another matter. Off-color lyrics and choreography hardly raise an eyebrow, but put the performer in a white wedding gown and you've got a superstar. To be sure, the surface reading of the "Material Girl" lyrics is grounded both in Yuppie aspirations and in punk cynicism. But at the same time, it should be interpreted as a Yuppie and punk reaction against the insipid sentimentalism of earlier eras—of the communal world of the 1960s social activist and the earlier familiar world of Robert Young and Jane Wyatt. Similarly, the "no, it's only love that matters to me" counterpoint requires an audience of materialistic

Yuppies and cold hard punks to sustain its urgency. Just as the two sides of Madonna's image require each other, just as she uses each to set off the other in her act, we should not expect either vision of the hidden American self to ever emerge triumphant in popular culture. Death to one means death to both.

But Madonna goes another step. Social criticism has always insisted on exposing the gap between appearance and reality; to criticize the artificiality and the hypocrisy of the modern world, to make the claim that it stifles our "real" selves, this distinction is crucial. But by internalizing both innocence and license within the same persona and by turning them on and off like faucets, Madonna suggests that they, too, are mere appearance, mere affectations. The appeal of rock 'n' roll at its best, from Buddy Holly to Bob Dylan to Prince, has always been its sincerity. Madonna, in contrast, wears commitments like costumes, to be taken off and on at whim. Everything is a pose, everything a carefully scripted and choreographed part of the performance. To this extent, Madonna stands in satirical aloofness

from both traditional camps, proclaiming them both naive to the core.

Younger audiences look to rock stars for role models, while older audiences, their personalities more fully formed, buy records and attend concerts more to satisfy their tastes in music. Since it is more Madonna's image than her music that is fascinating, it's not surprising that her audience is disproportionately adolescent and female—young girls who in many cases have spent hours literally doing themselves up like their heroine. There was a time when it was a serious criticism to say of someone that he or she is "just role-playing." But Madonna's fans are learning that maturity is superficiality, that to be grown-up is to have perfected one's repertoire of roles and the ability to manipulate them on call like a virtuoso actress. In this way, the walls of the concert hall are pushed out to include the world—a world, perhaps, soon to be populated with a whole chorus line of Madonnas who see their personalities as scaffoldings of affectations built on paper foundations of semblance—"like a virgin," or "like" anything else they please.

MAP OF MISERY

Beyond the Dragon's Mouth: Stories and Pieces by Shiva Naipaul

(Viking, 432 pp., \$17.95)

Since he left his native Trinidad 20 years ago, Shiva Naipaul has often been on the road. "A nomadism had become second nature to me . . . had become a habit," he confesses in his latest book, *Beyond the Dragon's Mouth*. Having left the country of his childhood, Naipaul feels no lasting connection with any other place in the world: "Today my attachment to Trinidad is sentimental; a child's attachment to the place where he grew up. It does not go beyond that because my real life lies elsewhere—though precisely where, it is difficult to say." But it's not merely Naipaul's nomadism that makes him a fine writer/globe-trotter. Thanks to his deep-seated passion for experiencing, understanding, and interpreting the world, he is a

consummate reporter, writing the kind of literature that has become increasingly popular among readers lost in our ever less reasonable, and thus less comprehensible, world.

Naipaul tries to tell us what is happening in it. Sometimes, for example in the British Virgin Islands, nothing happens: "The most dramatic happening on the islands occurred about a hundred and fifty years ago when an Englishman was hanged for mistreating his slaves. Nothing of consequence happened after that. The British Virgins sit amid their shining seas, awaiting nothing in particular." Sometimes, for example on the Seychelles, events follow upon one another at lightning speed: "I was going there," Naipaul explains,

because the Seychelles, on a Disneyland scale and in a Disneyland atmosphere, had succeeded in reproducing in an astonishingly short period (ten years) so many of the dismal features of the post-colonial world. Coup d'état, mercenary invasion, army mutiny—in the space of a few years the islands had lived through an accelerated cycle of political temptation and folly.

It is unusual for Naipaul to venture into an area of recent turbulence such as the Seychelles. In general, he avoids fronts. There are no reports from El Salvador in the book, or from Chad, or from the struggle between Iran and Iraq. Naipaul isn't a war correspondent. Naipaul's world is not even the world of great dramas. His talent is of another kind. He does not so much stalk events as try to understand processes and phenomena, to penetrate the changeable surface of the river to reach its deep, hidden currents. The heroes of his accounts and stories are not concerned with how to protect themselves from gunfire or save themselves from approaching death. Rather, they ask themselves how they will manage until tomorrow. "Will you please tell me how a man can live on 450 rupees a month?" someone asks Naipaul in India.

The world Naipaul most frequently shows us is the world of poverty. This poverty is universal. It is a state of material penury combined with intellectual indigence. Naipaul discovers it everywhere, at every geographical longitude and latitude:

Not a tree. Not a flower. Not a blade of grass. Stray dogs snarled weakly at us. . . . Crisp packets and sheets of newspapers, blown by the wind, scraped and skated across the concrete. Everywhere—shattered or boarded-up windows; leaking drainage pipes; patches of mossy wall. I stared at the stray dogs. Where was I? Was I really in one of the cities of the industrialised West?

This is Liverpool, England. And a bit further on:

Late at night packs of starved, hairless mongrels roam restlessly, rootling and snarling round the embers of cooking fires. Along every roadside bodies lie sprawled in sleep. The disorder, the dirt, the ugliness is overwhelming. How do men manage to live in a place like this? How is it that they do not all go mad?

This is Patna, India.

Man is imprisoned in his poverty, sees no way out, doesn't even try to rebel. He doesn't know how to protect his

interests (like the Hindus thrown out of Uganda by Amin), doesn't know how to stand up to force (like the English shopkeepers who close down their stores because they don't know how to defend themselves from gangs of thieves). Naipaul's man is a feeble creature, reconciled to fate, at best busy figuring out a strategy for survival, but always within the framework of the existing order. Everything takes place in a heavy, numbing climate. And that is why, although there is much disarming, warm humor and scathing, merciless irony (especially when Naipaul turns his attention to snobs and people of the so-called higher social strata), in the end this book is like the world in which we live: there are few reasons for joy in it.

MUCH OF Naipaul's writing has a tone that can be described, paradoxically, as one of sad humor. "He had not yet come across an honest politician or bureaucrat," Naipaul writes of an Indian he met.

Yet he was a realist. He was not against bribery as such. To do business anywhere in India, bribes usually had to be paid. What upset him, what he found unfair, was that after paying your bribe nothing much happened. "That is the astonishing thing. That is what I still can't get over. Nothing happens. They just wake up enough to hold out their hands for the envelope and then go straight back to sleep."

Naipaul, who as a rule is understanding and tolerant toward the simple, bewildered people who are his book's protagonists, becomes fierce and intransigent whenever he encounters human stupidity. Like poverty, stupidity for Naipaul has a universal measure: it knows no bounds, and its bearers are people of all classes and races. People are condemned to stupidity in much the same way as they are condemned to poverty—there is no escape. One and the other are part of nature, they coexist with us. Naipaul, who has an excellent ear and is sensitive not only to what people say, but also to how they say it—to the gradation and color of their voices, to the shape of their statements—reminds us that it is often difficult to distinguish the speech of a fool from that of a madman, for hearing a fool we have the impression of hearing a madman: "Before I took up business I used to be a fighter pilot," someone tells Naipaul.

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"I bombed France. I bombed Germany. I bombed Holland. I bombed everywhere." A nostalgic smile overspread his face.

Nostalgia at the recollection that once he bombed the whole world?

From this disgust and despair at stupidity is born Naipaul's obsession for discovering and unmasking false myths, hollow deities raised high on altars for no good reasons. For Naipaul, stupidity and false myths are related. They feed each other, and we are in the kingdom of ignorance, blindness, and fanaticism. One of his essays is devoted to the myth of the Ethiopian emperor Haile Selassie, who is regarded by his devotees, the Rastafarians, as a living god. One of them—although long ago, in 1933—was peddling photographs of the emperor in England for a shilling apiece, telling people they were passports to Ethiopia. Naipaul points out the devastation such myths wreak upon the minds of their adherents:

The Rastafarian creed—with its notions of Babylonian captivity and martyrdom, its racial emphasis, and its alluring denials of the Western world and Western achievements ("I don't see what it have to admire in all this space exploration," a Notting Hill youth said to me. "We Africans have been all over the universe. Thousands of years ago we were voyaging among the stars")—is ideally suited to the circum-

stances. It makes it possible to be merely Black. No further effort is required of its disciples. The medium is the message. "Soul" eats up intellect; rhythm replaces struggle.

Equally critical, even scathing, is Naipaul's essay on the myth of Indira Gandhi's late son, Sanjay. These myths fulfill a great need of contemporary man, especially man from the newly liberated countries of the Third World: a need to identify with some personality, or some value, and thereby shore up his own ordinary, insecure, torn, complex-ridden ego.

The pieces collected in *Beyond the Dragon's Mouth* belong to various literary genres: the story, the reportage, the essay. There are critics who are biased against such collections, for they spoil their favorite activity, classifying books. Is it fiction, or nonfiction? Is it about Jamaica, or about Portugal? Is this a "real story," or "only a book of reflections"? The question should be put differently: Is this a good or a bad book? This book is splendid.

RYSZARD KAPUŚCIŃSKI

Ryszard Kapuściński is the author most recently of *Shah of Shahs* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). This review was translated from the Polish by Klara Glowczewski.

Allende, has been interpreted by left-wing writers as evidence of U.S. complicity in the coup, or even of Washington's role in the masterminding of the coup. Davis's thoughtful, well-written, and valuable book rejects that interpretation. His account carries conviction, as far as his own personal role as ambassador was concerned. But that last is a drastically limited perspective, which skirts the general question of the many possible forms of American involvement, whether beneath the umbrella of the U.S. Embassy or outside that cover.

DAVIS convincingly shows that the Allende government was in deep trouble anyway, for economic and internal reasons, whether or not the United States had intervened. The sharp decline in the world price of copper in 1971 would have been bad news for whatever government was in office at that time in Chile. Davis rightly rejects the left-wing theory that the American administration, with Chile in mind, caused the copper slump. There were too many other interests to be taken into account for such a move to be practical, capitalist politics. Allende simply had the bad luck of being the man who had to answer for it when a matter absolutely beyond his control went wrong.

But his own policies and his own rhetoric, and those of his party, made things worse. There was popular support for "antiforeign" left-wing measures, such as nationalizing copper. But the attempt to socialize what had been a free economy provoked vigorous internal opposition, and rallied no support outside the left wing of Allende's party, Unidad Popular. Even in his last year, Allende retained the electoral support of the working class and over 40 percent of the electorate, but that did nothing to avert a series of damaging strikes: a truckers' strike, a miners' strike, a sailors' strike, and so on. And the workers' paramilitary groups that formed in the barrios seemed less interested in defending or protecting their elected government than in promoting a Castro-type revolution, replacing Allende's democratic vision of socialism. The rise of the paramilitaries, and their impunity under Allende, did much to prompt the army commanders to think about a coup. And the coup, when it came, was probably welcomed by a majority of the population. It was

HOW HOT WAS CHILE?

The Last Two Years of Salvador Allende by Nathaniel Davis

(Cornell University Press, 480 pp., \$24.95)

Nathaniel Davis became United States ambassador to Chile in October 1971. He was still ambassador there at the time of the Pinochet coup, almost two years later, on September 11, 1973. On Friday, September 7, Ambassador Davis, who was visiting Washington, told Henry Kissinger that "the odds are in favor of a coup." Kissinger, in what he calls a "transcript" of this discussion, records the ambassador's statement as having been part of his answer to a question from Kissinger: "Will there be a coup?" The ambassador's recollection, however, is significantly different. "As I entered the room, Kis-

singer said: 'So there's going to be a coup in Chile!' " I have no difficulty in believing the ambassador's version. It would be characteristic of Kissinger to want to show that he knew what was going on, in that remote place, before the "man on the spot" could start telling him. And also Kissinger probably did know more about the impending coup than his ambassador knew, or wanted to know, or was expected to know.

The timing of the ambassador's visit to Washington, just at the moment when the Chilean commanders were reaching their decision to overthrow

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certainly welcomed by Eduardo Frei, the leader of the Christian Democrats, who won 56 percent of the popular vote—as against 44 percent for Allende’s Unidad Popular—in the elections for the Chamber of Deputies in March 1973, Chile’s last free elections.

The attempt to carry out a major social-democratic revolution on the basis of a little less than half the popular vote was probably doomed in any case, even without any form of American intervention or encouragement. But was there, in fact, American intervention or encouragement? Davis accepts that—before his time in Chile, and therefore before the actual coup—there had been a CIA plan, encouraged by Nixon, known as “Track II,” “to investigate a

coup d’état before Allende could be confirmed by the Chilean Congress in October [1970].” The plans went wrong at that point, and Track II either was abandoned or went underground. Davis—a former assistant secretary of state under President Johnson, and dovish rather than hawkish by temperament—likes to believe that Track II ideas had been abandoned before he became ambassador in Santiago. “In Chile, to conclude,” he writes, “I am reasonably confident that nothing was done to me like the Track II deception of [Davis’s predecessor] Ambassador [Edward M.] Korry.”

I don’t know how much confidence might be “reasonable” in such circumstances. After all, when Richard Helms

count, and that of the Church Committee and others, I am inclined to believe that the involvement of the U.S. government in the development of the events that led to the coup of 1973 ran more or less as follows:

IN OCTOBER 1970 the CIA, impelled by President Nixon, tried to instigate an instant coup against Allende. This attempt failed, because of the “wait and see” attitude of the Chilean generals. After that, the U.S. administration, *faute de mieux*, adopted a policy of leaving Allende enough rope to hang himself. Money from American sources—both private and official—was available to the many varieties of Chilean malcontents. As for the generals, they knew, from October 1970 on, that an anti-Allende coup would be welcome in Washington. The “intelligence-gathering” CIA officers who were in touch with the generals did not have to keep on inciting their interlocutors explicitly in the direction of a coup. All they had to do was to refrain from dissipating the impression that a coup, undertaken in the generals’ own good time, would still be welcome in Washington.

The generals did not carry out the coup because it would be welcome in Washington, and they might well have carried it out even if it had been unwelcome in Washington. But the knowledge that it would be welcome encouraged the more cautious among the generals. It suggested that the path of the postcoup regime could be made a lot smoother than Allende’s had been. That the CIA officials, in quietly keeping coup-mindedness on the simmer among the generals, had the approval of Washington is hardly open to serious doubt. Even Davis, concerned as he is to maintain the “clean hands” of his own ambassadorial term, occasionally allows the Machiavellian realities to come through. At one point he briefly considers whether, realizing as he did the imminent probability of a coup, he ought to have warned President Allende of what was afoot. Davis goes on: “Nobody ever contacted me about the possibility of warning Allende; in fact, I received no instructions at all on the subject. Had I proposed such an initiative, my Washington superiors would no doubt have concluded that I had gone around the bend.”

Davis suggests that he himself, with his dovish inclinations and record, was

BIRDS-OF-PARADISE

Seven years after her death
I saw them again today, my mother-in-law’s
Favorite flowers, a pair of streaked innocents,
Two large-blossomed angelic birds-of-paradise
Floating in a shop window on Second Avenue.

They looked stunned and unhappy, fragile
Long-stemmed bodies exiled behind a thicket
Of lilacs and daffodils, flowering azaleas
And a row of crimson roses flushed with color.
We were not meant to live in paradise.

But I remember so much about her last morning:
How we talked in her bedroom at five a.m.,
How the sun kissed the forehead of the house
And we fell asleep in adjacent white beds
With daylight streaming through the treetops.

Slowly the light curved along the ceiling,
Angled over the bookshelves, and drifted
Over the heads of two iridescent flowers
Propped in a glass bowl on the dresser.
Somewhere that light is still inside me

Shading the furniture, kindling the walls,
Crossing a bedroom with the dim purpose
Of settling into the mirror’s long body . . .
I stood on the sidewalk for a long time
Today staring into a flower-shop window,

Remembering a silver body of sunlight
That reflected the outline of a man
And a woman lying together peacefully
With their faces tilted towards each other,
Their breath rising, their fingers intertwined.

EDWARD HIRSCH

of the CIA, on September 15, 1970, took down the instructions from Nixon that were developed into Track II, one of Helms’s notations read: “no involvement of embassy.” That is not the kind of instruction that alters with a change of ambassador. And Davis acknowledges that, in intelligence operations, it is exceedingly hard to know where intelligence gathering ends, and where incitement begins. Davis acknowledges that “the acquisition of information may become consultation or encouragement,” but goes on: “As the U.S. Ambassador in Chile, I was in no position to tell the C.I.A. station to stop collecting intelligence for fear of transmitting encouragement to plotters; I had to trust the C.I.A.’s ability to walk the line between intelligence collecting and covert action.” Davis is a humorous man, as well as an intelligent one. I doubt he could read out that last sentence of his in company and keep a straight face.

Having read and considered Davis’s ac-

"a slightly incongruous 'chosen instrument' for Richard Nixon's Chilean policy." Not really. The ambassador and the embassy were only a part of Nixon's Chilean policy—the respectable part. Nixon wanted a coup in Chile. He had conveyed the message, and the generals had filed it for reference and for possible action. Once the message had been conveyed, however, what Nixon most wanted from the embassy was "noninvolvement" and avoidance of "compromising acts." Ambassador Davis was an entirely appropriate instrument for that aspect of Nixon's policy.

American covert intervention was, I believe, significantly stronger and more sustained than Davis seeks to suggest, or wishes to believe. Still, I don't believe the ultimate result in Chile would have been different if the United States had never engaged in covert intervention at all.

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

Conor Cruise O'Brien's *The Siege: An Outsider Looks at Zionism* will be published by Simon and Schuster next spring.

ARISTOCRAT IN UNIFORM

The Years of MacArthur
Volume III: Triumph and Disaster, 1945-1964
by D. Clayton James

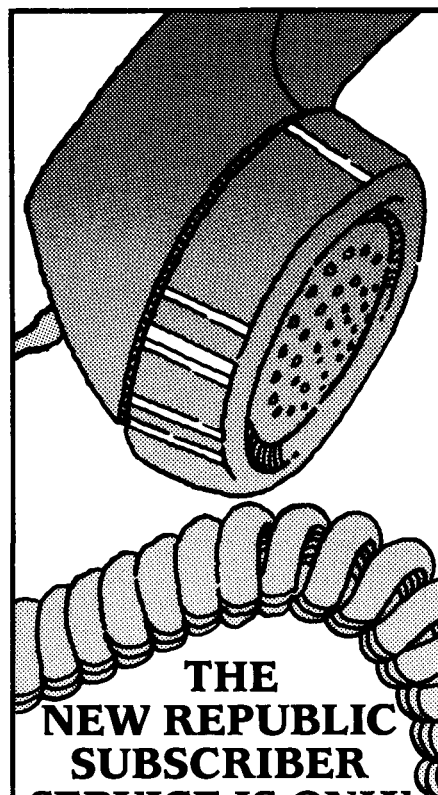
(Houghton Mifflin Company, 848 pp., \$29.95)

Until the outbreak of the Korean War, writes Clayton James in the third and concluding volume of his magisterial biography, Douglas MacArthur had met Napoleon's first and foremost test of a commander—he was lucky. Just as his presence in the Philippines at the time of Pearl Harbor and Roosevelt's decision to order his flight from Bataan had ensured his prominent role in the Pacific theater of World War II, so his appearance on the battleship *Missouri* on September 2, 1945, to accept the Japanese surrender made him the logical choice to guide the American occupation.

MacArthur's five years in Japan served as a fitting capstone to a distinguished career. He won nearly universal acclaim as he played the role of first consul to the hilt. But as James shrewdly points out, in reality he was little more than a figurehead. The basic policies that guided the postwar transformation of Japan were laid down in Washington, including the key reversal in 1948 that played down democratic reform in favor of economic recovery so that Japan could become an ally in the cold war against the Soviet Union. MacArthur's primary function, James explains, was "the execution of directives." At the same time, powerful forces within Japan proved equally be-

yond MacArthur's control. Directives issued by the supreme commander were often so diluted by the entrenched Japanese bureaucracy that they had little impact on the everyday life of Japan.

In qualifying the importance of MacArthur's service in Tokyo, James also casts doubt on his self-proclaimed status as America's foremost Asian expert. Even though MacArthur spent nearly three decades on duty in the Far East, his actual experience was largely confined to the two cities of Manila and Tokyo. A haughty, aloof man by nature, as supreme commander he isolated himself in his Tokyo office, rarely traveling outside the capital. Even within his headquarters, he was virtually inaccessible, relying on a few trusted staff officers to carry out his orders, and even more important, to select the information that he received. Thus when Foreign Minister Shigeru Yoshida asked MacArthur to approve the appointment of Baron Kijuro Shidehara as prime minister, the general revealed nearly a total ignorance about the baron, who had served as a distinguished diplomat in the 1920s and early 1930s, by asking if he could understand English. Much as MacArthur loved to subject visitors to his Tokyo office to rambling monologues on the mysteries of the East, the



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general's knowledge of the Orient was quite restricted.

Yet despite these limitations, MacArthur did make some notable contributions to the American occupation of Japan. The no-war clause in Japan's constitution, while it reflected a genuine Japanese reaction to the nation's experience in World War II, stemmed directly from MacArthur's handwritten draft, which stated, "War as a sovereign right of the nation is abolished." MacArthur was also responsible, to a large degree, for the reforms permitting greater participation by women in public affairs, even winning the approval of Mary Beard for his view of "the family as the core or heart of society and of woman as its prime guardian." As James points out, MacArthur was particularly effective in pushing land reform, which turned out to be the occupation's most enduring economic achievement.

The general's greatest accomplishment, however, was ceremonial, as befitted one who always placed appearance above substance. From the moment he arrived in Japan, he impressed the Japanese with his aristocratic bearing, air of authority, and great personal

dignity. To the consternation of his security detail, he quickly dispensed with armed guards on his twice-daily trips in his Cadillac sedan from his home to his office in downtown Tokyo—a journey that became a ritual for the Japanese. James also tells of the Japanese reaction when the supreme commander's office proved to be too small for MacArthur's personal carpet. Expecting to be told to cut the rug to fit the space, the astonished Japanese custodian was ordered instead to move the walls back! "This was done," James quotes a Tokyo journalist as reporting, "and the experience gave the Japanese new insight into the magical power of the name MacArthur."

By far the most important single thing MacArthur did in Japan was to establish a cordial relationship with Emperor Hirohito. Instead of summoning Hirohito to his headquarters, MacArthur waited for the emperor to come voluntarily, and then treated him with respect and remarkable sensitivity, explaining to an aide later that "I knew how deep and dreadful must be his agony of humiliation." The photograph taken after this meeting, showing the relaxed and assured MacArthur towering over the nervous Hirohito, brought home to the Japanese people the reality of defeat as well as the magnanimity of the conquerors. Thereafter the two men met twice a year, developing a friendly and apparently genuine mutual respect. Thus years later MacArthur told Dwight Eisenhower that "the Emperor's actions in support of the American occupation" were crucial to its success. Shigeru Yoshida was even more impressed, calling MacArthur's treatment of the emperor the most important "single factor that made the Occupation an historic success."

MACARTHUR'S luck ran out in 1950 with the outbreak of the Korean War. At first it appeared that the conflict would give a final opportunity for the general to prove his greatness as a commander. Yet it should have been apparent from the outset that MacArthur was, to paraphrase General Omar Bradley, the wrong man at the wrong time in the wrong war. While James admits that the choice of MacArthur to command the forces in Korea was almost inevitable, there were those at the time who expressed doubt about the wisdom of appointing a 70-year-old general who had a record of ignoring

higher authority and acting flamboyantly on his own judgment. Thus James Reston commented, "Diplomacy and a vast concern for the opinions and sensitivities of others are the political qualities essential to his new assignment, and these are precisely the qualities General MacArthur has been accused of lacking in the past."

THE VICTORY at Inchon in September 1950 proved decisive both in saving South Korea and in laying the groundwork for MacArthur's downfall. Disregarding doubts expressed by the Joint Chiefs of Staff in Washington, MacArthur fought for approval of his plan for a daring amphibious assault at the waist of Korea. The maneuver succeeded brilliantly, leading to the destruction of the North Korean forces and creating the possibility of unifying Korea, which would mean a shift from containment to liberation. Despite early warnings of possible Chinese communist intervention, the JCS authorized MacArthur to cross the 38th parallel and advance toward the Yalu. He was ordered to use only South Korean troops as he neared Chinese and Russian territory, but Secretary of Defense George C. Marshall, who should have known better, told MacArthur, "We want you to feel unhampered strategically and tactically to proceed north of the 38th parallel." A joyous MacArthur replied, "I regard all of Korea open for our military operations unless and until the enemy capitulates."

James is quite persuasive in arguing that the "Inchon syndrome" was at the root of what happened next. When MacArthur ignored growing evidence of likely Chinese involvement and split his forces as he approached the Yalu, the military authorities in Washington refused to overrule him, remembering that he had been right and they wrong over Inchon. Describing subsequent JCS queries to MacArthur as "almost obsequious" and "meek," James suggests that Truman and his military advisers had to bear much of the responsibility for the Chinese intervention and the disastrous American retreat back down the Korean peninsula. When MacArthur finally responded by going public with criticisms of the administration's switch away from liberation and back to containment in the spring of 1951, General Omar Bradley was reluctant to recommend his dismissal on military grounds, knowing as he did that



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the JCS had given him such a free hand. "In point of fact," James concludes, "MacArthur had stretched but had not legally violated any JCS directives." The author agrees that Truman was on solid ground in dismissing the general for political insubordination, but militarily MacArthur had not overstepped his authority. The Truman-MacArthur fiasco, a sad affair from which no one emerged unscathed, was not the fault of any single individual, but rather, as James makes clear, the result of selecting MacArthur for an assignment for which he was totally unsuitable.

THE GREATEST strength of James's biography is to offer a broad and balanced portrait of a controversial personality. Aware of the great range of views on MacArthur, from awed admiration to frank contempt, James notes that those who did not know him personally often speak "with great certainty about his traits as a commander and as a man." And in interviewing several hundred people who had served under MacArthur, he found that "the closer and longer the interviewed person had worked with MacArthur, the more affirmative were his or her impressions of him."

Despite this observation, James avoids any attempt to glorify a man who, he writes, has already been "the subject of too much adulation." He reveals a man who proved utterly incapable of admitting a single mistake or accepting any part of the blame for failure. Thus MacArthur saw the press not only as "slanted" but guilty of "quackery and dishonesty" in its treatment of him. As early as 1945, the general saw Truman, Acheson, and Marshall as out to get him, adding, "They might have won out but the Reds came out against me and the communists booed me and that raised me to a pinnacle without which they might have licked me." He blamed his greatest mistake, the failure to anticipate the Chinese intervention in Korea, on everyone but himself and his staff—the CIA for failing to keep him informed, Truman and Acheson for not giving him prior warning, even British turncoats Burgess and Maclean for informing the Chinese of his battle plans. It was one of his ablest and most long-suffering officers, General Robert Eichelberger, who best summed up the failing in MacArthur's character when he wrote, "This boy has certainly been a player on the stage of history. A strange

character who probably wonders why he has so few friends and eternally blames the other fellow."

If James can be faulted for falling back too often on describing MacArthur's personality as "contradictory," he is at least in good company. Those who knew the general best were continually searching for the essence of a man whose mercurial moods and odd behavior challenged any simple description. One trait, however, does come through clearly—MacArthur's charismatic personality and sense of destiny. Describing a visit to Tokyo in the summer of 1950, Army Chief of Staff Lawton Collins found MacArthur "cool and poised as always." "He spoke with con-

fidence and élan as he paced back and forth in his customary fashion," Collins recounted. "He always gave me the impression of addressing not just his immediate listeners but a larger audience unseen." Matthew Ridgway, the man who replaced MacArthur in 1951, found himself "deeply impressed by the force of his personality" when Ridgway was put in charge of the Eighth Army in December 1950. "He was a great actor, too," Ridgway continued, "with an actor's instinct for the dramatic—in tone and gesture. Yet so lucid and so penetrating were his explanations and his analyses that it was his mind rather than his manner or his bodily presence that dominated his listeners."

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Despite James's painstaking research, as he himself freely admits, MacArthur the man still remains a bewildering figure. There was much to detest, and there is no question but that he left an indelible mark on the history of the 20th century. His tragic miscalculation in the Korean War must be balanced by his magnificent conduct as supreme commander in occupied Japan. And even at the moment of his greatest humiliation, the Japanese people and leaders expressed their gratitude for all he had done for them. Hirohito paid a final call on MacArthur just before he returned to the United States in 1951, the first time that the emperor had so honored a foreigner who held no official position. The Diet passed resolutions praising his service to Japan and crowds estimated at between 400,000 and a million flocked to the airport to wave him farewell. The scene at the airport, James writes, showed MacArthur at his best, playing "the role of the aristocrat in uniform: he had been stripped of his commands, but

he left with grace and dignity."

On April 11, 1964, 13 years to the day that Truman ordered his dismissal, MacArthur's funeral procession made its way through the streets of Norfolk, Virginia, to place the general's body in the MacArthur Memorial rotunda. President Lyndon B. Johnson took part in the ceremony; two former presidents, Harry S. Truman and Dwight D. Eisenhower, were not among the mourners. But as James points out, MacArthur would have been pleased to know that in addition to many of his old Army colleagues, Shigeru Yoshida had flown halfway around the world to pay his country's respects to the man who had presided over Japan's rebirth.

ROBERT A. DIVINE

Robert A. Divine, George W. Littlefield Professor of American History at the University of Texas, is the author of *Eisenhower and the Cold War* (Oxford University Press).

MORMON ON THE MOUNT

Brigham Young: American Moses by Leonard J. Arrington

(Knopf, 522 pp., \$24.95)

According to the publisher's blurb, this biography sets Brigham Young "squarely in the American mainstream." Professor Arrington, a veteran Mormon historian, asks why Young—a kingdom-builder as bold as Sam Houston or John C. Frémont and far more successful—has usually been portrayed as either a "lecher" or a "tyrant." In the first place, he suggests, Americans were puzzled by, and suspicious of, a theocratic system whose "bottom line was not cash but the souls of men." Reactions had to cool. The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints (the proper designation for Mormonism) itself had to come of age. And second, in the process scholars had to wait until the vast body of Mormon source materials was sorted out and made available.

Arrington says that there could easily be six volumes of biography, dealing respectively with Young as husband and

father, as church president for 30 years, as six-year governor of Utah Territory, as superintendent of Indian affairs (another six-year appointment), as founder of over 300 settlements on the Great Basin, as semi-collectivist entrepreneur, and as expounder of Mormon doctrine. In fact, there is a good case for a seventh volume, on Young's great decade, the 1840s. In that ten-year span he served as a missionary in England; held the church together after the murder of the prophet-leader Joseph Smith by an Illinois mob in 1844; and directed the epic exodus of the faithful in 1846-48, colonizing the Great Basin wilderness and drawing in recruits and converts by the thousands from Europe and the eastern states. Arrington tries to do the whole job in a single conscientious, crowded volume.

The result is fascinating, both for what it says and for what it does not

say. Brigham Young is a figure on the giant scale, Napoleonic in versatility and organizing skill. He is also, as Arrington notes, a bundle of apparent contradictions. Fiercely committed to his faith, Young was prepared to abandon the thriving settlements of Utah, in defiance of federal authority, as he had almost blithely turned his back on the Mormon metropolis at Nauvoo, Illinois. Yet he could be cannily calculating; his revelations appealed to "natural principles" of a distinctly pragmatic cast. To judge from early documents (before there were secretaries to correct spelling and style), his sense of language was rudimentary. On the platform Young could be brutally direct in rebuking subordinates. He liked to thrust with a Bowie knife in order to emphasize a point. Yet his oratory, unrehearsed, jocular, and loose in form, enthralled audiences. He was by turns artful and loutish, peremptory and considerate. Horace Greeley of the New York *Tribune*, who interviewed Young in 1859, found him impressively astute and approachable, if ungrammatical. Another observer called him a Tartuffe, sanctimoniously sly.

Brigham Young, then, is a person of exceptional interest, well worth a biography that manages to avoid the extremes of hero-worship and debunking. On the face of it, nothing would appear more commendably mainstream than the recent work of Mormon historians such as Arrington, as well as Jan Shipps and Richard L. Bushman, who neither proselytize nor fudge. Bushman's *Joseph Smith and the Beginnings of Mormonism*, which is dedicated to Arrington, has fully absorbed the sociocultural investigations of non-Mormon historians. He shows no embarrassment, for example, in discussing the treasure hunting or "money-digging" craze among the Smiths and their neighbors in the "Burned-Over District" of western New York. Arrington describes the criticisms of Young within the church by dissidents such as Sidney Rigdon, "King" James Strang, and Joseph Smith's son Joseph III. He provides appendixes listing Young's 25 wives (27 by another count) and 57 children. He is quite explicit about such touchy subjects as the paramilitary Danite bands, and the Mountain Meadows massacre of 1857. It all sounds fair, square, and above-board.

Still, there are problems in writing Mormon history for a Gentile culture,

no matter how scrupulously the task is undertaken. Arrington and Bushman are correct in claiming that Latter-Day Saints have in fact added more than the non-Mormon historians to the body of relevant knowledge. It is also true that much Gentile testimony has been heavily biased—and of course that the Mormons were abominably treated by adjacent mobs in Illinois and Missouri. The language of contemporary Gentiles, in the main, is bitterly hostile. Francis Parkman, traveling the Oregon and California trail in the 1840s, admits that the parties of Gentile emigrants may have exaggerated the ferocity of Mormon companies who were also heading west; but he calls them “blind and desperate fanatics.” The Swiss-German theologian Philip Schaff, writing on America in the 1850s, speaks of Mormonism as a grotesque, despotic, and immoral heresy, with elements of Islam. Schaff doubted whether in his day the Utah Territory would be admitted to full statehood. (Nor was it; Brigham Young died in 1877, and Utah had to wait for admission until 1890.) “American toleration,” said Schaff, “has its limits; the separation of church and state by no means involves a separation of the nation from Christianity and Christian morality.” Ignorance and prejudice characterized much of the commentary on Young’s empire. Envy of Mormon discipline is part of the picture, together with disapproval of communitarian welfare schemes and nativist alarm at the high proportion of foreigners in Mormon settlements.

TRUE, too, the settlements were extremely effective in comparison with the fidgety, unsupported endeavors of many Gentile emigrants. As a social system, Mormonism is in these terms a remarkable success story. In a sympathetic comparative analysis (such as that in Delores Hayden’s *Seven American Utopias*), Mormonism emerges as a genuine achievement in communitarian socialism. In that context, the religious idiosyncrasy that appalled Schaff can be seen as an essential and desirable armature.

The Latter-Day Saints in general, and Brigham Young in particular, may thus seem just what their chroniclers indicate: people whose sterling qualities, like those of the Quakers or perhaps of Christian Scientists, took some while to be properly appreciated by other Americans. The “mainstream” aspect of

Young obviously relates to his self-madness, unrelenting industry, practicality, optimism, and folksy humor. Young the Prophet was (his pun) “very profitable” to the Mormons. “In the providence of God he has placed me to take charge of his flock, and they have been abundantly blessed under my administration.” Young’s temperament is nicely revealed in the instructions he left for his funeral. He was to be laid in a roomy casket “made of plump 1 1/4 inch redwood boards. . . . My body dressed in my Temple clothing and . . . the coffin to have the appearance that if I wanted to turn a little to the right or left I should have plenty of room to do so. . . .” Pragmatic last words!

WHAT this interpretation minimizes is the inherent separateness of Mormonism during the formative decades. Philip Schaff was justified in asserting that by the mid-1850s Mormonism had “not exerted the slightest influence on the general character and religious life of the American people.” Mormons and Americans “do not fit together, but have a deadly hatred of each other.” In the Mormon view, all others were the outsiders, unregenerate members of a doomed civilization. President Young’s desire for statehood betokened no desire to be at one with the rest of the United States. He measured the other presidents—those in Washington, D.C.—by their policy toward the Saints. In conversation with his associates he was scathingly critical of President Buchanan. In Arrington’s cautious estimate: “One might conclude that Brigham and his followers sought to join the United States in order to be free from it.” The Mormons were in effect neutral during the Civil War. Young saw the conflict, within the frame of Mormon millennialism, as a possible sign of the breakup of the old dispensation, presaging the establishment of God’s earthly kingdom.

Before the 1860s, in short, Mormonism was what its detractors claimed: a theocracy, coupling church and state in a manner bound to offend not only rabble-rousers but ordinary sensible American Protestants. Whether the system of authority was despotic is open to debate. What does seem undeniable, however, is that Smith and Young were kings of the kingdom, or God’s vice-regents, and that theirs was a more autocratic order than was acceptable to mainstream American denominational-

ism. The *Book of Mormon* has been described as a compendium of explanations for the topics of debate current in the 1820s (for instance, on the notion that American Indians were descended from the peoples of Israel). Mosiah, chapter 29, is said to have expressed an American preference for representative as against monarchical government. Bushman, with admirable objectivity, dismissed this claim. The Mormon church of the first decades was not the mouthpiece of American democracy. Sir Richard Burton, that arrogant and eccentric English traveler, praised Mormon “aristocracy” (*The City of the Saints*, 1861). He compared the social structure of Salt Lake City to life in a good regiment: “The prophet is the colonel-commanding, and the grades are nicely graduated down to the last neophyte or recruit.” No wonder, Burton remarked with relish, that the Mormon state within a state was so obnoxious to the “petulant fanatical republican of the New World.”

Burton, the translator of *Arabian Nights*, also saw nothing wrong with the practice of polygamy, which Joseph Smith had instituted. Burton, however, was almost alone among Gentiles in professing such support. Here as elsewhere, Arrington apparently seeks to reconcile his religious beliefs with his duties as a scholar. He gives the facts but little interpretative guidance. Young, that is, obeyed Smith’s revelation, dutifully sealing himself to a plurality of wives. Most of them, we find from Arrington’s appendix, were considerably junior. “In Salt Lake City,” ac-

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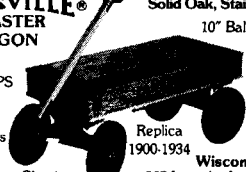
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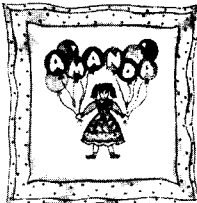
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according to an old jest, "the girls all marry Young, and often." It is hard not to think that the Mormon elders made a disastrous mistake in introducing polygamy, and compounded it by delaying the admission that it was in truth an element of Mormonism. Opposition was no doubt prurient and sometimes hysterical. But what else was to be expected from mainstream, monogamous America?

Does this mean that Mormon and Gentile historians must necessarily disagree? If you are not a Mormon, can you avoid the kind of skepticism with which Mark Twain greeted the legend of Smith, the golden plates, and seerstones? If not, does Brigham Young fall under suspicion as either naive or duplicitous—indeed, as lecher, tyrant, Tartuffe?

Neither Arrington nor Bushman feels any great strain, one would guess, in balancing faith in Mormonism with professional objectivity. But, perhaps unwittingly, they tend to meet the dual responsibility with a somewhat noncommittal circumspection. Although they do not suppress or distort, they are apt to report rather than interpret controversial issues. It must be admitted, though, that they are not the only academics to do this; historians as a breed are cautious to a fault, and

therefore sometimes a dull lot.

Arrington's assignment is probably less delicate than Bushman's, because Young is a less intractable subject for biography than Joseph Smith. If we cannot swallow the tale of Smith's dealings with the Angel Moroni (a name to delight Mark Twain), then he risks being placed among the self-proclaimed messiahs who recur in religious history, whether amiably as a Father Divine or monstrosly as the Reverend Jones of Jonestown. But with Young, given the assumption that he was a sincere Mormon, a biographer like Arrington can concentrate upon the undeniable facts of the man's career. Twainian skepticism then becomes largely irrelevant. We seek an explanation for Young's astounding accomplishment—an inquiry that can be genuinely objective, like the open-minded way in which William James, in *Varieties of Religious Experience*, approached the phenomenon of conversion. Detached from the more bizarre features of Smith's dispensation, Young becomes—in Arrington's absorbing if understated narrative—a person whose simplicity and good humor no less than his unquestioning piety would justify comparing him with a Martin Luther or perhaps an Oliver Cromwell.

Professor Arrington does not draw

such large analogies. Nor does he speculate about the links between Smith and Young. In this portrait Brigham Young is a "Moses." But he was also of course a Peter or Paul, following a leader whose creed he had cheerfully espoused. Perhaps Young is to be seen as a consummate consolidator, the head of a second generation of leaders that is vital to the perpetuation of a new religion. No doubt too the discipline, the tithing, and the communality, which Young developed, did much to prevent the Latter-Day Saints from disintegration.

Maybe too something combative and dissident in Young, and in Mormonism generally, mattered more in the early stages than supposed Americanness. His creedal passion was certainly strong, and "primitive" in the sense of actually deriving strength from confronting the established order, and even welcoming persecution. By degrees, the Mormons seem to have perceived that they needed the United States. Young was wise enough after the Civil War to begin to move toward accommodation: a tendency to be taken further by the next two generations of Mormon leadership. The Saints were fortunate in the physical leeway America allowed them. Their social as well as religious experiments could be begun and modified with a degree of latitude, as Brigham himself could (if he wished) turn in his grave every now and then. Perhaps that is what mainstreaming ultimately signifies in the history of the United States.

MARCUS CUNLIFFE

Marcus Cunliffe, University Professor at George Washington University, is completing a book about republicanism in America.

THE NEW REPUBLIC'S BEST BOOKS

Following is a list of books TNR has recently reviewed and recommends.

Brotherhood of Arms: General Dynamics and the Business of Defending America by Jacob Goodwin (Times Books). The rise and fall of one defense contractor. (Reviewed 8/12&19/85)

In the Name of Eugenics: Genetics and the Uses of Human Heredity by Daniel J. Kevles (Knopf). A history of excesses and a gallery of eccentrics. (8/5/85)

Byron and Greek Love: Homophobia in 19th-Century England by Louis Crompton (University of California Press). A revealing chapter in the history of intolerance. (7/1/85)

Lives of the Saints by Nancy Lemann (Knopf). Coming of age in a daze in New Orleans. (6/24/85)

The Call: An American Missionary in China by John Hersey (Knopf). An unsentimental saga of one Christian's half-century in China. (5/13/85)

Late Settings by James Merrill (Atheneum). A new, elegiac collection of lyrics. (8/5/85)

Her First American by Lore Segal (Knopf). A love story, melting-pot style. (8/5/85)

Reflections on Gender and Science by Evelyn Fox Keller (Yale University Press). How men have shaped the scientific method, and women might help reshape it. (7/15&22/85)

Slow Homecoming by Peter Handke, translated by Ralph Manheim (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). Three metaphorical and metaphysical parables. (6/17/85)

Irving Babbitt: An Intellectual Study by Thomas E. Nevin (The University of North Carolina Press). An intellectual biography of humanism's stern champion. (6/17/85)

CORRESPONDENCE, from page 6

first-strike capability against the United States."

But can the Soviets be sure that our defensive systems will not be extensive enough to protect the entire population? Defense planners tend to prepare for worst-case scenarios and one need not impute anything more than prudence to Soviet improvements in the quality and quantity of their offensive forces.

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CAPE COD DIARIST

Mittel Europa

"WE ARE OFF TO EASTERN EUROPE," I cheerily told my Truro neighbor, and her suddenly saddened, if not exactly surprised, face quickly told me I had misspoken. What she proceeded to say was not a reproof I was hearing for the first time. But from a woman who'd been eating the bitter bread of exile for at least as long as I had known that many such people existed, whom circumstances had obliged to change their countries more often than their shoes, it was more than a bit embarrassing. Oh, it was not that she begrudged us our visit to Prague. On the contrary, she was full of wistful advice on sights to see and old friends to look up, "respecting, of course, their anxiety about meeting strangers." What she wanted me to know, though, was that "Eastern Europe" is a geographical designation imposed by Russian force on people who resent it. Many of them have resented it from the beginning, and detest it still. Not a few—risking what little is their everything—even actively resist. Anything that is interesting there now belongs to an era when the region went by the geographical designation of "Central Europe." The idea of Central Europe, as old as modernity, was officially dissolved 40 years ago at Yalta. Yet it clings to life with a determination that must strike the Soviets as counter-historical impertinence.

READERS OF MILAN KUNDERA and Josef Škvorecký are familiar enough with the implicit point, applicable to Poland and Hungary no less than to Czechoslovakia. Placing these countries in "Eastern Europe" is an example of Fred Ikle's telling phrase "semantic infiltration," an insidious process whereby language does the work of politics. One might also call it "vernacular subversion." It's understandable that Central Europeans should be more alert than we are to the nefarious use of innocent-sounding phrases. The verbal sleight of hand implicit in the words "Eastern Europe" has come to legitimate the Russian domination of these polities as if it were an expression of a natural relationship, not simply a consequence of the doctrine of spheres of influence, that notion designed to vitiate not just the past but persisting cultural differences as well. A people such as the Poles sees

itself as the Christ of nations. Its holiest shrine, Our Lady of Czestochowa, memorializes a stunning military victory. Poland cannot ever be fully of the East. Nor, it is demonstrably true, will the Magyar heirs of Saint Stephen in Hungary, also fiercely Catholic, submit easily to the doom Roosevelt and Churchill consigned them to at Tehran and Yalta. In neither case, moreover, is it simply Catholicism that proves to be the rub. Nor is it merely nostalgia for some other aspects of the old order. In both nations the literary, philosophical, and scientific cultures, the distinctive histories of national yearnings, as well as the repeated efforts at liberal reform, all expose the lie of their Easternness. But the notion that the Czechs are of the East—these peoples whose history is entwined with Protestant heresies, and for whom industrialization and democracy had long been habits—is even more preposterous. Prague may well have been the capital of Mittel Europa, Rainer Maria Rilke its poet, Franz Kafka its novelist. No sensibility could be more alien to the sensibilities of Russia, which is to say to the sensibilities of the East, than theirs.

THE FAMOUS HARVARD literary critic F. O. Matthiessen favored writers like Henry James, T. S. Eliot, and Sarah Orne Jewett. As Alfred Kazin put it, his literary taste "was traditional to the point of being theological." But his fellow-traveling "progressive" politics were—let's be very kind—innocent. Matthiessen somehow concluded that Central European sensibility was not at odds even with Stalinism. His wildly optimistic travel memoir from Czechoslovakia, haplessly published almost at the very moment of the Communist coup in 1948, was naive at least to the point of being suspect. He called his book *From the Heart of Europe*. But will I now find that, after all these decades, with the bayonets of the Red Army thrust at it, the heart of Europe no longer beats? Of course, if you'll permit me to strain the metaphor a bit further, the heart of Europe was already weakened, some say fatally, long before the Red Army came as would-be liberators and healers. What, after all, could the heart of Europe be without its Jews? What is Vienna now without its Jews, but also

without the Red Army? Indeed, a few months ago in Jerusalem I heard Kundera himself say in a lecture that Israel "strikes me as the true heart of Europe—a strange heart, located outside the body." And in many ways, that is palpably so.

OTHER CENTRAL EUROPEANS carried the heart of Europe with them to other places of exile: to Paris like Kundera, to Toronto like Josef Škvorecký, to Berkeley like the older exile Czeslaw Milosz, to Harvard like Stanislaw Baranczak, to New York like Milos Forman, and the countless others, creating little havens of the Mittel Europa sensibility. The exiled writer, of course, is not received on his own terms. If he wins a new audience, it is in a strange language, at least strange to his experience, so even a literary triumph is bittersweet. I once told a Slavist I know that I particularly liked a Russian poem I had read in translation. "It loses a lot in the original," he responded.

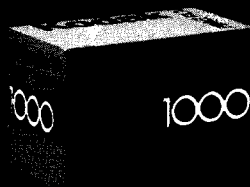
BUT THE HEART still stubbornly beats in Europe itself. Why else are the Soviets so frightened? More frightened, I suspect, of Adam Michnik or the Jazz Section than they are of Star Wars. For they fear not just a throng of demonstrators, a pilgrimage of worshipers, but a book, a poem, a melody, an image, even a fugitive idea.

STILL, peoples can be crushed. Peoples have been crushed in our time. This is the year of 40th anniversaries, some joyous like V-E Day and V-J Day, some macabre like Yalta and Hiroshima, but the joyous and the macabre are intertwined. Last week was also the tenth anniversary of the Helsinki Accords, a quintessentially hollow achievement of international lawyers saying "travel with good conscience." Not much to celebrate here, however, certainly not for the Central Europeans to whom the Helsinki Accords must read, despite their brave words about rights, like another display of indifference and abandonment by the West. If the people of Central Europe are finally not crushed, if their hearts still beat, it will not be on account of anything we did to help.

M.P.



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